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SMASH!

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WARRIORS OF THE WORLD

No1 THE COSSACK

IPC Magazines Ltd., 1969

THIS WEEK'S SMASH CHAT!

IPC MAGAZINES LTD., FLEETWAY HOUSE, FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

Hi, Pals!

I'm Mike—and starting from this issue I'll be speaking to you every week.

What's happened to Alf and Cos? Well, what with all the extra work they put into producing this extra-special, new-look, forty-page SMASH—not to mention the long, arduous lunch-hours they've been putting in—the old pair finally blew a gasket, and were forced to hand their weekly SMASH CHAT over to me—at fifteen, the youngest member of the staff.

I hope you readers will write to me as often as you did to Alf and Cos. To start with, let me know what you think of your new paper—is there any story that you particularly like or dislike . . . any feature that really interests you? Remember, the only way that we can find out what you want is through your letters—so keep them coming!

See you next week!

Mike

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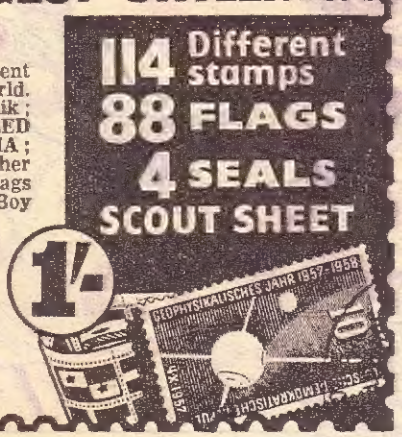

THIS WEEK'S COVER FEATURE

THE COSSACKS

"THE Cossacks are coming!"

Above the thunder of battle, this shrill cry of terror has been heard down the centuries . . . for courage alone was never a match for the superb horsemanship and ruthless bravery of these fierce warriors of the Steppes.

Battle honours have won for these tribesmen, who originally lived on the borders of Russia and Poland, a place of privilege and esteem that is envied by the ordinary folk of that part of the world today.

But it took a revolt for their value to be recognised. In 1773, the Cossacks rose against their Empress, Catherine the Great, and their successes against the might of the Russian army were fantastic. Catherine wisely won their allegiance to Russia, which country they have served ever since.

In peacetime, during Catherine's reign, they farmed the plains, but in war, they mounted their horses and with their own arms, reported for duty within a few hours. They developed their own uniforms, and their skilful horsemanship became world famous, especially their trick riding. Most Cossacks wore thick beards with fierce, curling moustaches, and a charging regiment of these wild warriors presented a dreaded sight. Armed with a lance, sabre and long dagger, a Cossack wore high boots, a black hat made from sheep's wool, and a long coat which had a row of narrow bullet pockets over each breast.

Nowadays, the Cossack regiments ride in tanks and armoured vehicles . . . an even more fearsome foe!

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MASTER OF THE MARSH

A DELIGHTED YELL, MINGLED WITH THE CLATTER OF WHEELS, RANG THROUGH THE CRISP MORNING AIR, AS A LONE FIGURE STALKED THROUGH THE GATES OF MARSHSIDE COUNTY SECONDARY SCHOOL!

IT'S THE *NEW* BLOKE, ALL RIGHT... *LET 'IM HAVE IT!*

HEEAAAVE!

SCREEEK!

UUUH? WHAT ON EARTH—?

THE BOYS' QUARRY TOPPLED BACKWARDS AS THE HURTLING TROLLEY FOUND ITS TARGET.

AAA-AAAAGH!

BULL'S-EYE! HE'S HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE *FOUNTAIN!*

SPLOOSH!

GROOOOGH!

WELCOME TO THE '*MARSH*' MATE! YAH-HA-HA!

ROUSED BY THE VICTIM'S CRIES, OTHER MASTERS DASHED FROM THE MAIN SCHOOL BUILDING...

WHY, YOU TREACHEROUS LITTLE... *COME BACK!*

GREAT SCOTT! IT MUST BE *MR. GOODEY*, THE NEW *HEAD-MASTER!*

OH, DEAR! THE LITTLE DEVILS HAVE STARTED ON HIM ALREADY!

AS THE SOAKED AND SPLUTTERING HEAD WAS HELPED FROM THE FOUNTAIN...

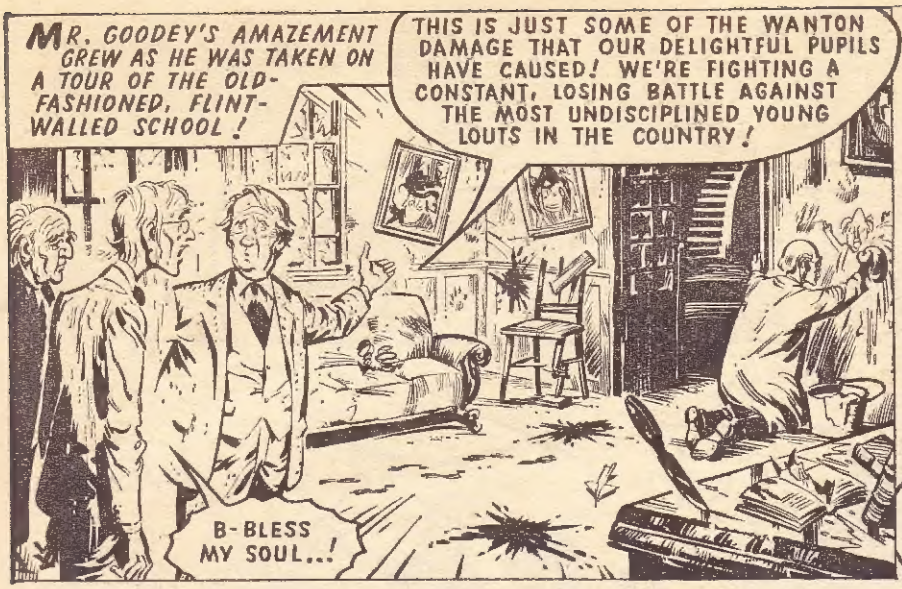
S-SORRY ABOUT THIS, SIR! BUT IF WE HAD KNOWN WHAT TIME YOU WERE ARRIVING, WE MIGHT HAVE AVOIDED—!

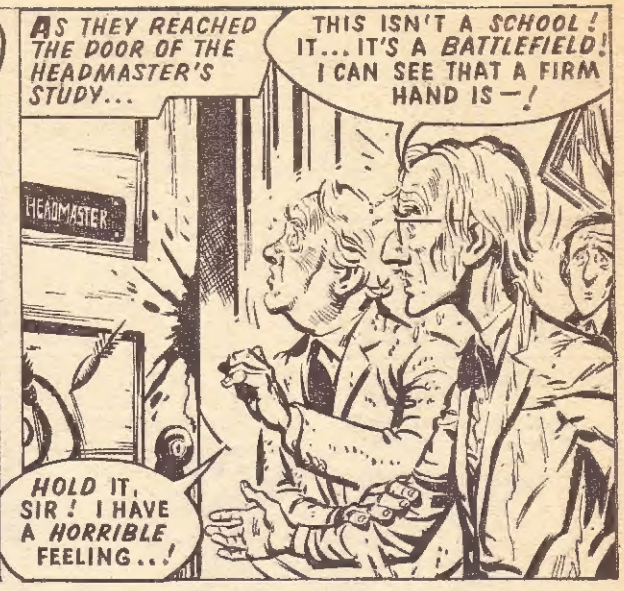
GAAAPH! I'VE NEVER BEEN SO *HUMILIATED!* I *INSIST* THAT THE CULPRITS ARE ROUNDED UP AT ONCE!

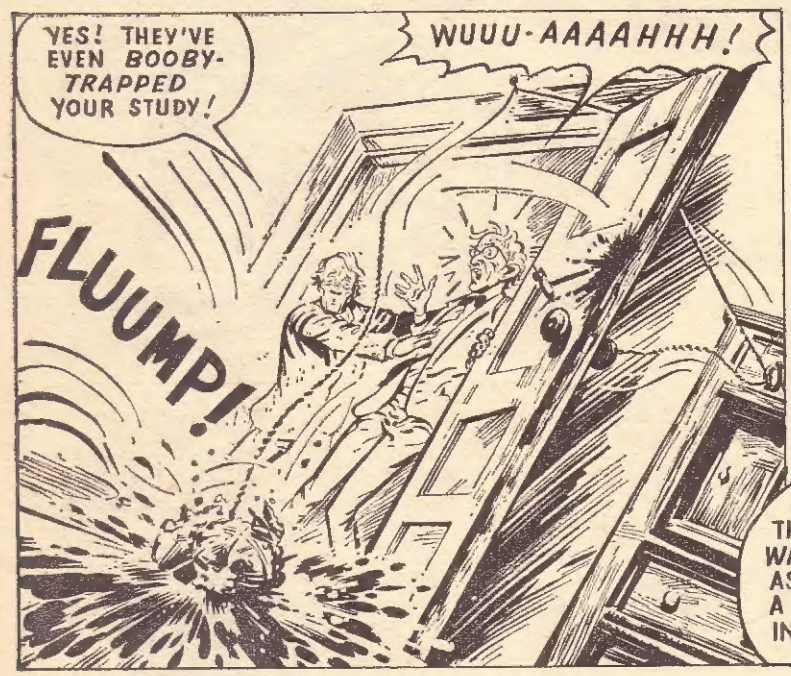
THEN WE'LL HAVE TO ROUND UP *MOST OF THE SCHOOL*, MR. GOODEY! OBVIOUSLY, YOU'VE NEVER HEARD OF THE '*MONSTERS OF THE MARSH*'! YOU'RE THE *TENTH* HEADMASTER WE'VE HAD HERE IN THE LAST THREE YEARS!

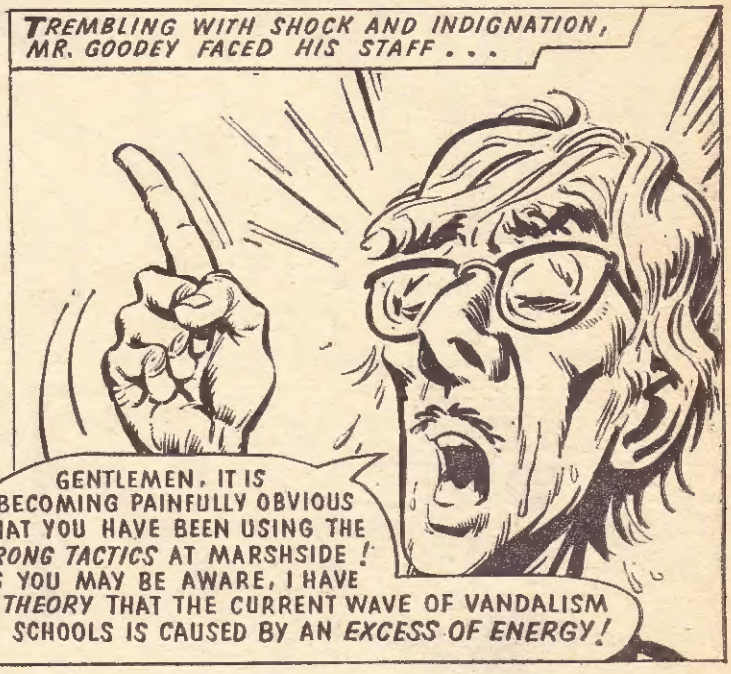
WH-WHAT?

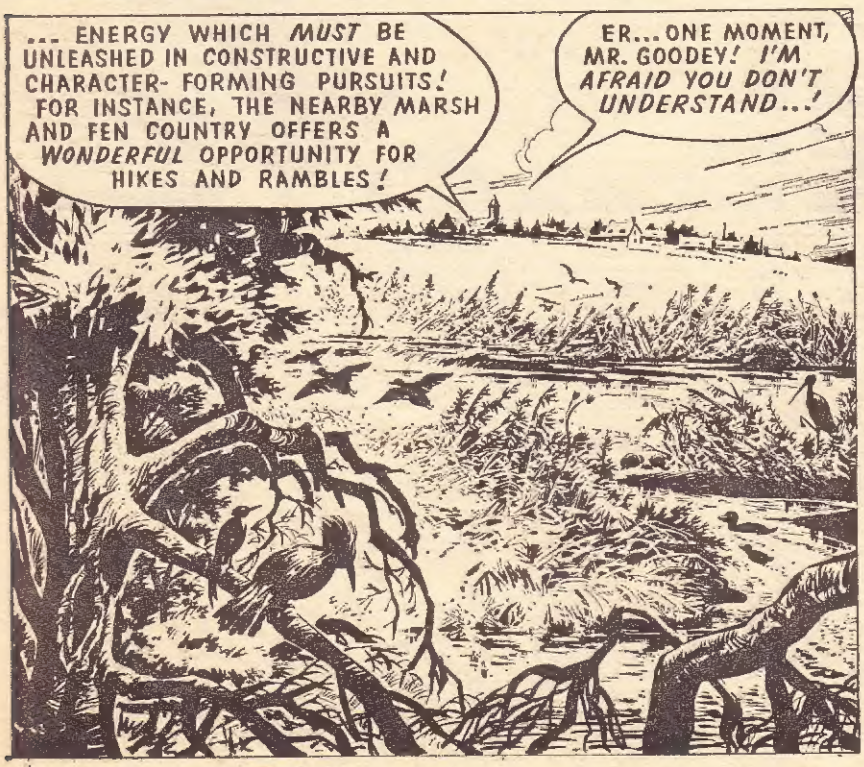
CONTINUED OVERLEAF—


MR. GOODEY'S AMAZEMENT GREW AS HE WAS TAKEN ON A TOUR OF THE OLD-FASHIONED, FLINT-WALLED SCHOOL!
THIS IS JUST SOME OF THE WANTON DAMAGE THAT OUR DELIGHTFUL PUPILS HAVE CAUSED! WE'RE FIGHTING A CONSTANT, LOSING BATTLE AGAINST THE MOST UNDISCIPLINED YOUNG LOUTS IN THE COUNTRY!
B-BLESS MY SOUL..!


AS THEY REACHED THE DOOR OF THE HEADMASTER'S STUDY...
THIS ISN'T A SCHOOL! IT... IT'S A BATTLEFIELD! I CAN SEE THAT A FIRM HAND IS —!
HEADMASTER
HOLD IT, SIR! I HAVE A HORRIBLE FEELING..!


YES! THEY'VE EVEN BOOBY-TRAPPED YOUR STUDY!
WUUU-AAAAHHH!
FLUUMP!


TREMBLING WITH SHOCK AND INDIGNATION, MR. GOODEY FACED HIS STAFF...
GENTLEMEN, IT IS BECOMING PAINFULLY OBVIOUS THAT YOU HAVE BEEN USING THE WRONG TACTICS AT MARSHSIDE! AS YOU MAY BE AWARE, I HAVE A THEORY THAT THE CURRENT WAVE OF VANDALISM IN SCHOOLS IS CAUSED BY AN EXCESS OF ENERGY!

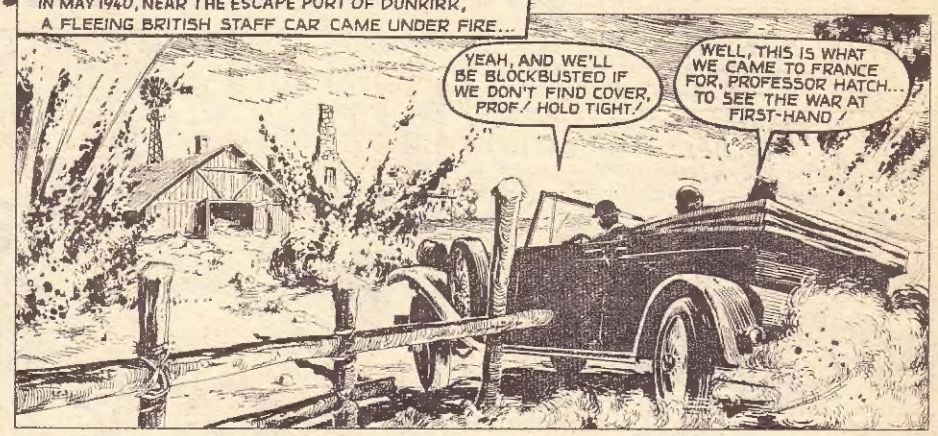

... ENERGY WHICH MUST BE UNLEASHED IN CONSTRUCTIVE AND CHARACTER-FORMING PURSUITS! FOR INSTANCE, THE NEARBY MARSH AND FEN COUNTRY OFFERS A WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY FOR HIKES AND RAMBLES!
ER... ONE MOMENT, MR. GOODEY! I'M AFRAID YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND...!

BUT THE NEW HEADMASTER WAS DETERMINED TO PROVE HIS POINT! LATER THAT DAY...
... EXERCISE, FRESH AIR, AND MORE EXERCISE! THAT IS TO BE THE NEW ORDER OF THE DAY AT MARSHSIDE!
BUT, SIR.. WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN TOLD TO KEEP AWAY FROM THE FENS!

THAT'S WHERE THE 'PATCHMAN' LIVES!
THE... PATCHMAN?
YEAH! HE'S A SORT OF WILD GEEZER! THEY RECKON HE PROWLS AROUND, EATIN' GRASS AN' ACORNS, AND WAITING TO JUMP OUT ON ANYONE WHO INVADES HIS TERRITORY!
PAH! WILD MAN, INDEED! ENOUGH OF THIS FANCIFUL NONSENSE! FORWAAARD! LEFT, RIGHT... LEFT, RIGHT!
OH, BOY! I CAN SEE WE'RE GOING TO HAVE SOME FUN WITH THIS IDIOT!
THE AREA OF WOODS AND MARSHY WATERWAYS LAY ONLY A FEW MILES FROM THE SCHOOL. AND SOON...
LOOK AROUND YOU, BOYS! WHAT A GALAXY OF NATURE! SEE HOW MANY DIFFERENT SPECIES OF WILD LIFE YOU CAN IDENTIFY!
COME ON, LADS! THIS IS WHERE WE GET LOST!
UNAWARE THAT THEY WERE BEING WATCHED, KNOCKER REEVES AND HIS PALS SLIPPED QUIETLY AWAY!
RIGHTO, PROFESSORS! HEE, HEE! WHAT SHALL WE HIDENTIFY FIRST?
HEY, KNOCKER... WHAT ARE THOSE THINGS OVER THERE?
COYPUS, OR SUMMAT... A SORT OF RAT, I THINK!
THAT'S FUNNY! THEY'RE MAKING NO ATTEMPT TO HIDE! I THOUGHT WILD ANIMALS WERE FRIGHTENED OF HUMANS?
GLEEFULLY, THE HEARTLESS KNOCKER PICKED UP A LOOSE STONE, AND...
WELL, LET'S FIND OUT, SHALL WE? CHAAAARGE! SCAT, YOU HAIRY PERISHERS!
EEE EEE!
YAHOOOO!
THEN, AS THE COYPUS SCATTERED IN TERROR FROM THE DELUGE OF MISSILES, A STRANGE, BLAZING-EYED FIGURE STEPPED FROM THE UNDERGROWTH!
KAW-EEEE! PHEEEEEP! STAAARKLE!
NEXT INSTANT, TO THE UTTER AMAZEMENT AND ALARM OF THE RAMPAGING HOOLIGANS...
HEY! WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING? THOSE BIRDS...!
SWOOSH!
THEY.. THEY'RE DIVING STRAIGHT AT US... AS IF THEY MEAN TO ATTACK!
THWAP-A-THWAP!
BE SURE NOT TO MISS THE NEXT THRILLING EPISODE!

NUTT and BOLT the men from W.H.E.E.Z.E.

IN MAY 1940, NEAR THE ESCAPE PORT OF DUNKIRK, A FLEEING BRITISH STAFF CAR CAME UNDER FIRE...

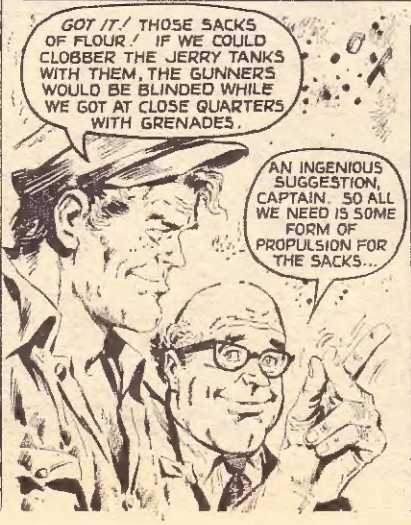

YEAH, AND WE'LL BE BLOCKBUSTED IF WE DON'T FIND COVER, PROF! HOLD TIGHT!
WELL, THIS IS WHAT WE CAME TO FRANCE FOR, PROFESSOR HATCH... TO SEE THE WAR AT FIRST-HAND!

THE STAFF CAR SWERVED INTO A BARN...
I SAY, MINISTER, THE BARN IS ALREADY OCCUPIED BY THE SOLDIERY!
ON YOUR FEET, MEN. WE'VE GOT VISITORS!
CIVILIANS! TOP BRASS, TOO, BY THE LOOK OF THINGS!

GOOD GRIEF! THAT ISN'T... THAT CAN'T BE... A BRITISH OFFICER?
YESSIR. THAT'S CAPTAIN BOLT— LIGHTNING BOLT, WE CALL HIM... AND IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY, YOU JUST WATCH HIM.

THE CAPTAIN JOINED THE CIVILIANS...
THOSE JERRY TANKS HAVE GOT THE BARN ZEROED, BUT I'LL THINK OF SOME WAY OUT. WHO ARE THESE BODS?
I AM THE MINISTER OF MUNITIONS. ER... CAPTAIN. THIS IS MY TECHNICAL ADVISER, PROFESSOR NUTT. WE WERE MAKING OUR WAY TO DUNKIRK...

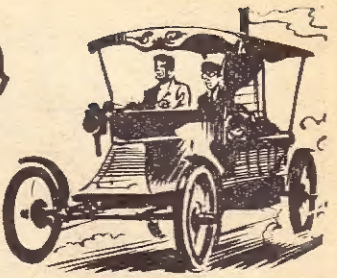
BUT IF YOU MEN HAVE NO ANTI-TANK GUNS... I FEAR OUR JOURNEY WILL END HERE.
DON'T YOU WORRY, SIR. YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THE CAPTAIN IN ACTION YET, AND BY THE LOOK OF THINGS, LIGHTNING'S GOING TO STRIKE ANY MINUTE NOW!


GOT IT! THOSE SACKS OF FLOUR! IF WE COULD CLOBBER THE JERRY TANKS WITH THEM, THE GUNNERS WOULD BE BLINDED WHILE WE GOT AT CLOSE QUARTERS WITH GRENADES.
AN INGENIOUS SUGGESTION, CAPTAIN. SO ALL WE NEED IS SOME FORM OF PROPULSION FOR THE SACKS...

A CATAPULT SEEMS TO BE THE ANSWER... NOW WHAT ABOUT THE SHAFTS OF THIS CART... BUT WE'D NEED SOME SORT OF SPRING...
WOULD THIS ONE DO, PROF?
DASH IT, I DO BELIEVE THOSE TWO ARE ENJOYING THEMSELVES.

NOW EACH SACK WEIGHS SIX STONE... MULTIPLY BY THREE... OPTIMUM TENSION ON THE SPRING TO GIVE MAXIMUM VELOCITY...
THAT'S FIXED THE SPRING... NOW I'LL TIE THIS WEBBING ACROSS THE SHAFTS...
FIVE MINUTES LATER...
JERRY'S CLOSING IN, CAPTAIN!
ACHTUNG! VORWARTS!
WE'RE READY FOR THEM, EH, PROF?
THE IMPROVISED CATAPULT HURLED THE SACKS THROUGH THE ROOF...
LET GO THE SHAFTS, MEN! GRAB GRENADES THE REST OF YOU, AND FOLLOW ME!
SPLENDID! OUR CALCULATIONS WERE CORRECT, CAPTAIN.
THE SACKS STRADDLED THE LEADING TANK...
UGGGGGH!
SPOT ON! PINS OUT, MEN, AND PITCH THE GRENADES THROUGH THE SLITS!
MORE FLOUR FLEW...
KAPUT... OUFFFF!
NOW FOR THE SECOND ONE, MEN...
FIRE FOUR!
FIVE SALVOES WERE ENOUGH...
FIRE SIX...
HOLD IT, PROF. THOSE JERRY TANKS ARE GOOD AND CLOBBERED: THE ROAD'S CLEAR.
WELL, WELL! I'D NEVER HAVE BELIEVED IT.
COR, LIGHTNING BOLT AND THE PROF.. WHAT A TEAM THEY'D MAKE.
I MEAN, SIR... NUTT AND BOLT!
YOU KNOW, SERGEANT... SPEAKING AS THE MINISTER OF MUNITIONS... I THINK YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE...
TWO HOURS LATER, THE PARTY REACHED DUNKIRK...
SO YOU GOT HERE SAFELY, MINISTER!
YES, GENERAL. THANKS TO THE PROFESSOR AND PARTICULARLY TO CAPTAIN BOLT HERE!
THAT RUFFIAN... A CAPTAIN? DEAR-DEAR, THE BRITISH ARMY IS IN A MORE DESPERATE STATE THAN I THOUGHT.
WA-1
WHEN THE ESCAPE SHIP REACHED ENGLAND...
GOODBYE, PROF... IT'S BEEN A TREAT WORKING WITH YOU. I DON'T SUPPOSE WE'LL MEET AGAIN...
OH YOU NEVER KNOW, CAPTAIN... DO YOU, MINISTER?
TWO MONTHS PASSED, THEN...
MILITARY CAMP
PHEW! I JUST TOLD LIGHTNING HE WAS WANTED AT THE MINISTRY OF MUNITIONS IN WHITEHALL FORTHWITH... SO HE GRABS THE NEAREST BUS-WHICH HAPPENS TO BE THE COLONEL'S.
OH, WELL. THE COLONEL WON'T GRUMBLE IF IT MEANS HE'S GETTING RID OF THAT MANIAC!
CAC 121
AT WHITEHALL, LIGHTNING BOLT WAS IN FOR A SHOCK...
WHEEZE
THIS IS THE ROOM THEY SENT ME TO... BUT WHAT ON EARTH DOES W.H.E.E.Z.E. STAND FOR?
YOU'LL SOON FIND OUT, CAPTAIN BOLT.
YOU— PROFESSOR NUTT!
MORE RIOT-RAISING WAR THRILLS IN NEXT MONDAY'S ALL-ACTION "SMASH"!

Bunsen's Burner



BEN BUNSEN AND DUSTY MYLES WERE TRAVELLING ROUND THE WORLD IN AN ANCIENT STEAM-CAR NICKNAMED *'BUNSEN'S BURNER,'* IN ORDER TO INHERIT A FORTUNE. BUT BEN'S RASCALLY COUSIN NICHOLAS WAS TRYING TO STOP THEM...

GASPS OF ASTONISHMENT GREETED THE ARRIVAL OF *BUNSEN'S BURNER* AT CALAIS, FRANCE...

NOM DE CHIEN! DO THOSE ENGLISH MADMEN REALLY INTEND TO DRIVE THROUGH FRANCE IN *THAT?*

WHAT ARE THESE TOURISTS COMING TO?

BUT BEN BUNSEN AND HIS RALLY-DRIVER PAL, DUSTY MYLES, WERE IN ANYTHING BUT A HOLIDAY MOOD...

THE MORE I THINK ABOUT THIS STUNT, BEN, THE LESS I *LIKE* IT! *BUNSEN'S BURNER* IS ABOUT THE MOST *TEMPERAMENTAL* CAR I'VE EVER DRIVEN!

BUT, DUSTY, YOU'VE *GOT* TO GO THROUGH WITH IT! THERE'S SO MUCH *AT STAKE!*

A SOLICITOR HAD CROSSED THE CHANNEL TO SEE THEM OFF...

YES, INDEED! YOUR UNCLE EBENEZER'S WILL STATES QUITE CLEARLY THAT YOU WILL INHERIT *ALL HIS CONSIDERABLE ESTATE...* PROVIDED THAT YOU DRIVE THIS CAR *AROUND THE WORLD!*

WE'LL NEVER *DO* IT! NOT IN *THIS* JINX-PRONE JUNKHEAP!

BUT DUSTY HAD GIVEN BEN HIS WORD... AND SO *BUNSEN'S BURNER* SET OUT ON A JOURNEY THAT *COULD* MAKE MOTORING HISTORY...

CHEER UP, DUSTY! I KNOW I CAN'T DRIVE, BUT *YOU'RE* ONE OF THE *BEST* IN THE BUSINESS! AND YOU'LL GET A SHARE OF MY UNCLE'S FORTUNE!

THAT'S ANOTHER THING! YOUR PERISHING *COUSIN NICHOLAS* GETS THE FORTUNE *IF WE FAIL* — AND HE'LL DO *ANYTHING* TO GET HIS HANDS ON ALL THAT LOLLY!

EVEN AT THAT MOMENT, BEN'S RASCALLY RELATIVE HAD ARRIVED AT THE HOME OF THE MOST EVIL MASTER-MIND IN EUROPE...

PARDON, ENGLISHMAN! I DO NOT WAIT FOR YOU... I DO NOT PAUSE AT *THIS* PLACE, NOT FOR A THOUSAND FRANCS!

CHATEAU DE PIEUVRE

THIS IS IT! THE LAIR OF *THE OCTOPUS!* HE WILL DEMAND A HEAVY PRICE FOR HIS SERVICES... BUT IF ANYONE CAN STOP THAT COUSIN OF MINE, *HE* CAN!

THE OCTOPUS LISTENED IN SILENCE, THEN A SNEERING SMILE WRITHED ACROSS HIS HAIRLESS FEATURES...

STOP THEM AND I WILL GIVE YOU HALF THE FORTUNE I'LL INHERIT! THAT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE US BOTH RICH FOR LIFE!

THEY *WILL* BE STOPPED! I HAVE TRAINED MEN *EVERYWHERE! THE ARMS OF THE OCTOPUS* ARE LONG INDEED... HIS TENTACLES REACH INTO EVERY COUNTRY IN EUROPE!

THE NOVELTY OF THIS PARTICULAR COMMISSION AMUSES ME. I SHALL TAKE CARE OF IT MYSELF — *BEFORE THE DAY IS OUT!*

REMEMBER... *FOUL PLAY* MUST NOT BE SUSPECTED! BECAUSE I WILL IMMEDIATELY BECOME CHIEF SUSPECT!

TWO HOURS LATER, DUSTY'S FROWN HAD LIFTED...

MAYBE I DID *THE BURNER* AN INJUSTICE! SHE'S STEAMING ALONG LIKE A DREAM! BUT FOR PETE'S SAKE, BEN, STOP HONKING THAT HORN!

JUST HIGH SPIRITS, DUSTY! GRACIOUS ME, I'M ACTUALLY BEGINNING TO ENJOY MYSELF!

THEN AS THEY TRUNDLED HAPPILY ALONG A FOREST ROAD, *IT HAPPENED!*

HELLO! THERE'S A HELICOPTER COMING UP BEHIND US!

PROBABLY SOMEONE IN IT THINKS HE'S *SEEING* THINGS AND IS COMING DOWN FOR A CLOSER LOOK!

BUT... HE'S POINTING SOMETHING AT US! IT LOOKS LIKE A CAMERA!

A PERFECT OPPORTUNITY TO TEST MY LATEST WEAPON... MY PORTABLE ELECTRONIC-BOOSTED *MAGNET!*

IMMEDIATELY *THE OCTOPUS* SWITCHED HIS FANTASTIC MAGNET TO FULL POWER...

FOLLOW ME, MY ENGLISH FRIENDS! WHERE THE OCTOPUS GOES, YOU MUST *GO ALSO!*

WHAT THE BLUE BLAZES -? THE STEERING'S GONE *HAYWIRE!* WE'RE GOING OFF THE ROAD!

METAL BODY QUIVERING IN THE MAGNET'S GRIP, *BUNSEN'S BURNER* SHOT THROUGH THE TREES...

THIS DARNED THING'S GOT A LIFE OF ITS OWN! I CAN'T STOP HER... *OR* STEER HER!

SHE'LL FALL TO PIECES... *IF* WE DON'T HIT A TREE FIRST!

FASTER AND FASTER SPED THE ANCIENT STEAM CAR...

IT'S NO USE! WE'LL HAVE TO BALE OUT!

NO, DUSTY! SHE'LL BE WRECKED AND WE'LL LOSE UNCLE'S... ***OOOPPPSSS!***

ALREADY WEAKENED, *THE BURNER'S* HEAVY BRASS MOTOR HORN SNAPPED UNDER BEN'S DESPERATE GRAB...

DUSTY! THE HORN! IT - IT'S JUST *TAKEN OFF!* IT'S *FLYING!*

BRASS HORNS WERE A MENACE *THE OCTOPUS* HADN'T THOUGHT OF!

BOSS, LOOK OUT!

LOOK OUT FOR — ***HUUUHH!***

THE HEAVY HORN COLLIDED WITH THE FORCE OF A CANNON SHELL!

GGGAAAAAHHH!

SHE'S STOPPED SHAKING! BUT WE'RE *SKIDDING!* THE GROUND'S TOO SOFT FOR THE WHEELS TO GRIP...!

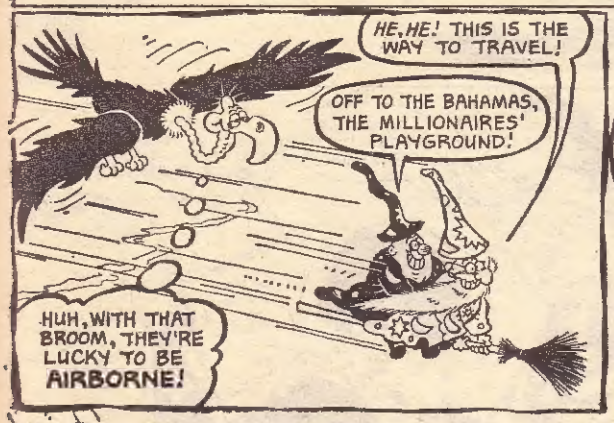
...AND THE STEERING'S JAMMED! I CAN'T EVEN *SHIFT* THE WHEEL!

LOOK, DUSTY! RIGHT AHEAD OF US!

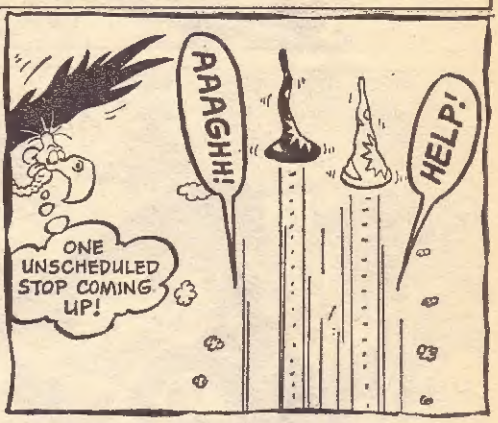
A SWAMP! YOU'RE DRIVING US STRAIGHT INTO **A SWAMP!**

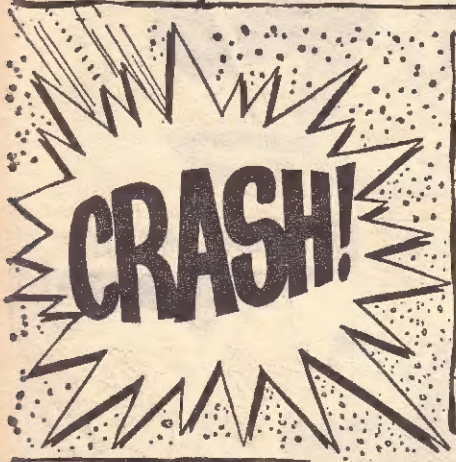
CAN DUSTY AND BEN AVOID DISASTER? SEE NEXT WEEK'S EXCITING FREE GIFT ISSUE OF "SMASH!"

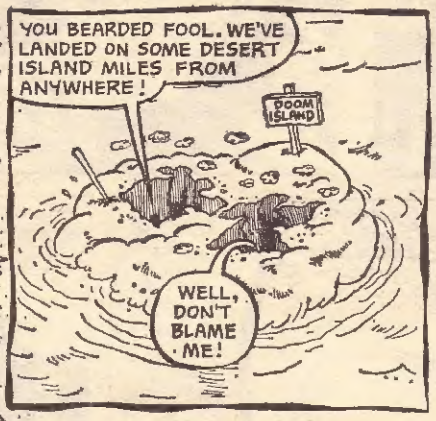
WIZARD PRANG IN WIZ WAR DEMON DRUID

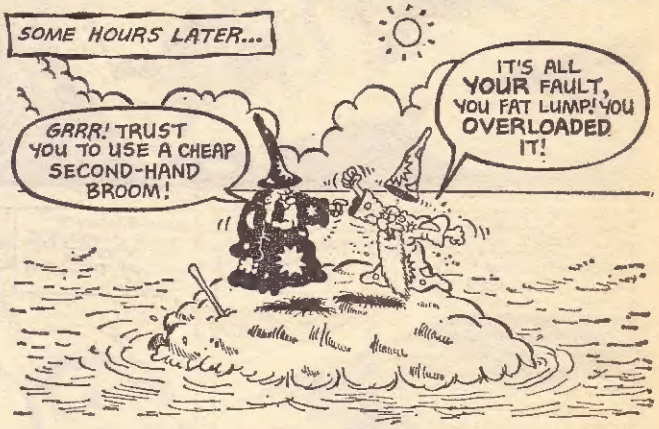

HE,HE! THIS IS THE WAY TO TRAVEL!
OFF TO THE BAHAMAS, THE MILLIONAIRES' PLAYGROUND!
HUH, WITH THAT BROOM, THEY'RE LUCKY TO BE AIRBORNE!

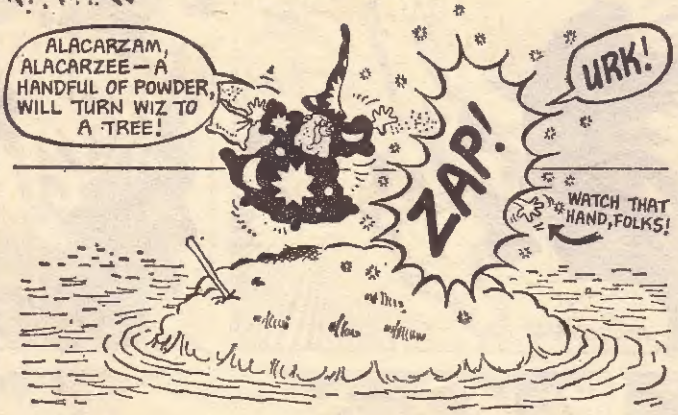
GULP! OOH, HECK! A SPOT OF ENGINE TROUBLE!
EEK! YOU SHOULD HAVE HAD IT DECOKED BEFORE WE STARTED!
PHUT PHUT COUGH! SPLUTTER PHUT PHUT

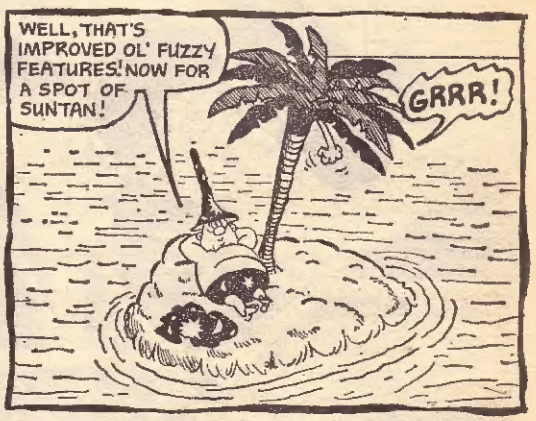


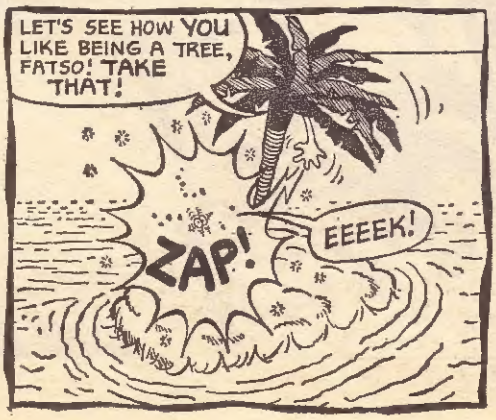




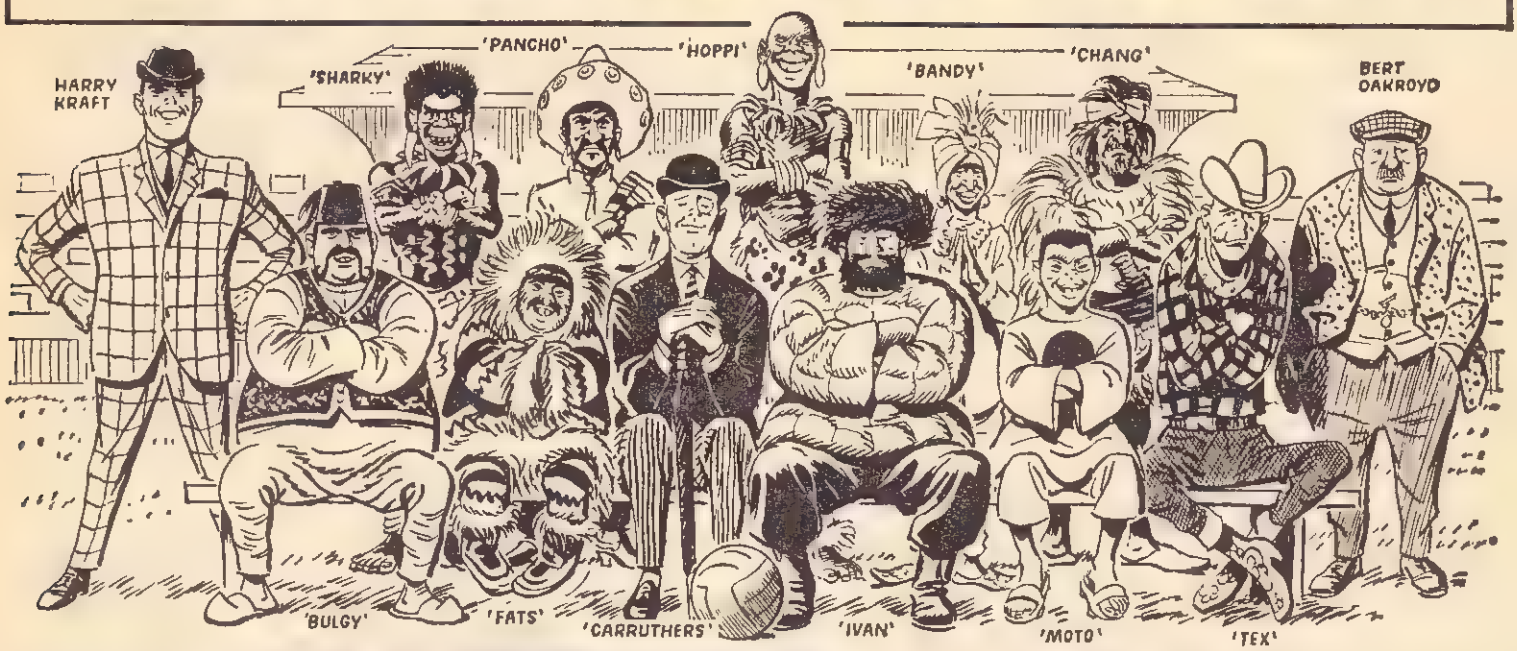








The World-Wide Wanderers



THE STRUGGLING FOURTH DIVISION SOCCER CLUB OF CLOGPOOL WANDERERS WAS ON ITS LAST LEGS WHEN IT WAS BOUGHT UP BY MILLIONAIRE BUSINESS TYCOON HARRY KRAFT. WITH TEAM MANAGER BERT OAKROYD, KRAFT WAS MAKING A FLYING TOUR IN HIS PRIVATE AIRCRAFT IN A FRANTIC BID TO SIGN UP NEW PLAYERS.

WHAT'S THAT STREAK O' WET DOWN THERE, MISTER KRAFT?

SUEZ CANAL, OAKROYD! THOSE SHIPS HAVE BEEN COOPED-UP IN THE DESERT EVER SINCE THE EGYPTIANS CLOSED THE CANAL... TWO YEARS AGO!

HARRY KRAFT HAD A PASSION FOR FOOTBALL...

LOOKS AS THOUGH THE SHIPS' CREWS ARE PLAYING SOCCER TO WHILE AWAY THE TIME! LET'S NIP DOWN AND TAKE A SHUFTI, PILOT!

HUH! WE NEED ELEVEN NEW PLAYERS FOR CLOGPOOL'S NEXT LEAGUE MATCH ON SATURDAY, AND HE WASTES TIME WATCHIN' A KICK-ABOUT!

BUT THE SAILORS OF MANY NATIONS HAD PERFECTED THEIR GAME WITH LONG MONTHS OF PRACTICE...

SHOOT, HOPPI!

KICK-ABOUT DID YOU SAY, OAKROYD? MY OATH, THAT MAN-TO-MAN PASSING MOVEMENT WAS FAST AS LIGHTNING, SMOOTH AS SILK... PURE FIRST DIVISION STUFF!

G-O-A-L!

MORE RUBBERNECKERS, FELLERS!

URGH! HERE IS BALL, PANCHO... SEE INFIDELS OFF!

SI, AMIGOS-VAMOS!

THE FOOTBALL ROCKETED SKYWARDS, AND SMASHED THE AIRCRAFT'S WINDSCREEN...

HEY! THAT BALL MUST HAVE BEEN TRAVELLING LIKE A HOWITZER SHELL!

ZOWIE! WHAT A BICYCLE-KICK!

CONTINUED OVERLEAF-

WE'LL HAVE TO TOUCH DOWN AND REPLACE THE WINDSCREEN, MISTER KRAFT!
TOUCH DOWN IS JUST WHAT I WANT TO DO, PILOT! I'VE GOT PLANS FOR THOSE SALTWATER SOCCER-MAESTROS!
NO NEED FOR APOLOGIES, FRIEND, YOU DID ME A FAVOUR! GOT A TELEPHONE HANDY?
SI, SENOR... SIX!
...I'LL NEED 'EM ALL!
...GET ME THE MINISTER IN CAIRO!
...I'M SLAPPING IN A TEN-MILLION POUND TAKEOVER BID FOR YOUR SHIPPING LINE!
...SO PUT ME ON TO WHITEHALL!
...YEAH, I SAID ENTRY-PERMITS FOR ELEVEN ALIENS!
TEN MINUTES LATER...
YOU'RE FLYING THIS WHOLE COCK-EYED SOCCER TEAM TO ENGLAND, MISTER KRAFT? B-BUT...WHY?
USE YOUR BRAINS, OAKROYD! THEY'LL BE TURNING OUT IN THE LEAGUE FOURTH DIVISION NEXT SATURDAY... AS CLOGPOOL WANDERERS!
STOP RAISING OBJECTIONS, MAN! I'VE RIPPED THROUGH ALL THE RED TAPE... AND THESE FELLERS CAN'T WAIT TO GET THE SAND OFF THEIR BOOTS! THEY'RE DEAD KEEN TO PLAY FOR US!
SURE T'ING!
HOKAY!
VIVA CLOGPOOL!
WHEN THE AIRCRAFT WAS HEADING TOWARDS ENGLAND...
BUT JUST LOOK AT 'EM, MISTER KRAFT... TALK ABOUT THE UNITED BLINKIN' NATIONS! THE FOOTBALL LEAGUE WILL NEVER LET ALL THEM FOREIGNERS PLAY IN ONE TEAM!
HMM, YOU'VE GOT A POINT THERE, OAKROYD! I'LL WORK ON IT!
BEAR FAT
AT LONDON AIRPORT...
WHADDYA KNOW, THE LIMEYS HAVE LAID OUT THE RED CARPET FOR US!
DON'T KID YOURSELF, YANK! THERE'S ANOTHER PLANE JUST LANDED, WITH A PARTY OF ROYALS ON BOARD!
TV
TRANS
SUDDENLY...
HELP! THAT BEARDED CHAP'S HEAVED A BOMB DISGUISED AS A FOOTBALL AT THE ROYAL PARTY!
YOU'RE NEAREST, SHARKY! CUT IT OUT, OLD CHAP!
THE TEAM'S FIJIAN GOALKEEPER HURLED HIMSELF SIDEWAYS WITH A SPLIT-SECOND REFLEX ACTION...
WAHA!
PHEW, WHAT A SAVE!

IVAN, THE RUSSIAN LEFT-BACK, FLICKED THE FOOTBALL-BOMB ON TO CARRUTHERS, THE ONLY ENGLISHMAN IN THE TEAM ...

BOMB BURNS LIKE FIRE, BROTHERS! USE FEET, NOT HANDS!

SO! WE MAKE WITH THE DRIBBLE, HUH? TO YOU, ENGLISKI!

GOOD SHOW, IVAN! SLIP IT TO FATS, PANCHO! WE'VE GOT TO MOVE IT OUT OF THIS DANGER AREA!

MUST BE SOME KIND OF INTERNATIONAL SOCCER TEAM! TERRIFIC STUFF!

TV

THE VIEWERS WILL LAP IT UP!

FATS, THE ESKIMO, HAD LEARNED TO KEEP HIS FEET WITH UNCANNY BALANCE ON HIS NATIVE ICE...

TAKE IT DOWN THE WING, FATS!

OHHHHH!

GREAT SCOTT, WHAT BALL-CONTROL!

THE CENTRE-FORWARD, HOPPI, WAS A SEVEN-FOOT TALL WATUSI WARRIOR FROM AFRICA...

OH, HECK! THE ESKIMO'S GOT CARRIED AWAY AND FLOATED OVER A HIGH CENTRE!

IS OKAY, SENOR... HOPPI WILL SHOW A LEG!

THIS HONOURABLE PERSON WISHES TO REMAIN IN ONE PIECE! PLEASE TO SHOOT, HOPPI!

AIM THE BOMB AT THE WATER TANK, BOY!

IS HE KIDDING? NO-ONE CAN KICK THAT ACCURATELY!

BUT THE FOOTBALL-BOMB SPLASHED SAFELY INTO THE WATER!

WOW, WHAT A BANANA SHOT! THESE FOREIGNERS ARE SOCCER-WIZARDS!

THEY SAVED THE ROYAL PARTY, TOO! THE BRITISH PUBLIC WILL JUST LOVE THEM!

NEXT DAY, AT FOOTBALL LEAGUE HEADQUARTERS...

IN VIEW OF THE TREMENDOUS PUBLIC SYMPATHY FOR THESE...ER, OUTLANDISH CHARACTERS...I PROPOSE WE WAIVE OUR RULES AND ALLOW THEM TO PLAY FOR CLOGPOOL!

THAT'S OKAY BY THE PLAYERS, TOSH!

ELEVEN HEROES WIN SOCCER MATCH WITH DEATH! LEAGUE MEETS TODAY TO DISCUSS ADMISSION: THE WORLD-WIDE WANDERERS!

AS THE COACH CARRIED THE TEAM NORTH TO YORKSHIRE...

WELL, YOU MANAGED IT, MISTER KRAFT... BUT IT WAS LUCKY FOR US THE BEARDED BLOKE CHUCKED THAT BOMB AT THE AIRPORT!

LUCK, OAKROYD? I FIXED THE WHOLE THING, FAKE BOMB AND ALL! AND I'VE LAID ON THE SUPPORTERS CLUB TO WELCOME THE LADS AT CLOGPOOL, TOO!

BUT, LATER...

PLAYERS ONLY

OOP T'WANDERERS!

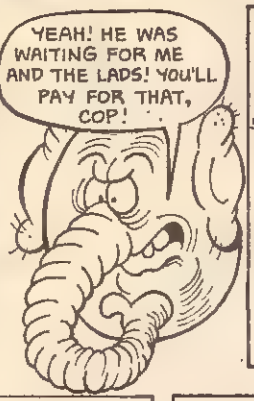
OH, NO! ONLY ONE FAN HAS TURNED UP! IT LOOKS AS THOUGH CLOGPOOL DOESN'T WANT TO KNOW ABOUT ITS NEW TEAM!

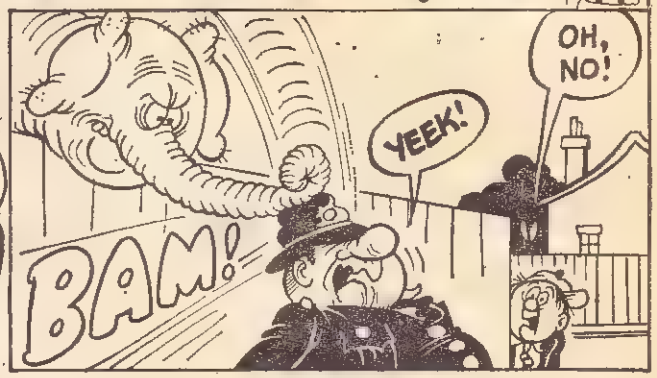
CAN THE WORLD-WIDE WANDERERS BRING SUCCESS BACK TO CLOGPOOL?

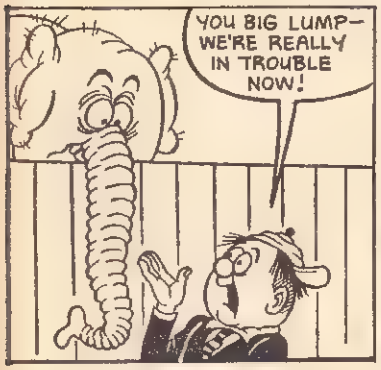
BE SURE TO BUY "SMASH!" NEXT MONDAY—AND GET YOUR FREE SMASHMATIC GUN!

PERCY'S PETS

ON YER WAY! NO LOITERING ON MY BEAT!
I WAS WAITING FOR SOMEBODY!

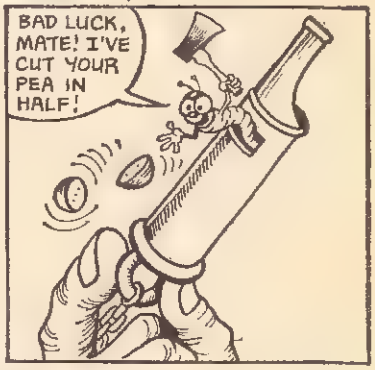

YEAH! HE WAS WAITING FOR ME AND THE LADS! YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT, COP!


BAM!
YEEK!
OH, NO!


YOU BIG LUMP— WE'RE REALLY IN TROUBLE NOW!

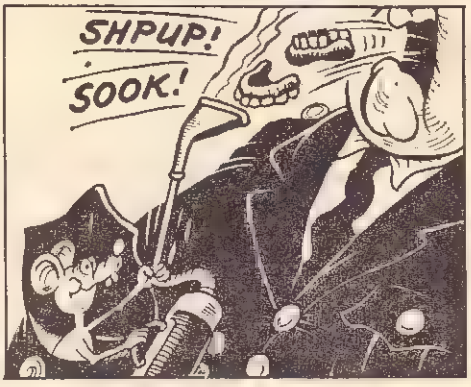
OH, NO!
CHEER UP, PERCY! HE WON'T BE ABLE TO CALL FOR HELP! HEH, HEH!

GRRRR! MAYBE I CAN BLOW MY WHISTLE, THOUGH!


BAD LUCK, MATE! I'VE CUT YOUR PEA IN HALF!

NO PEA, OLD BEAN!
?

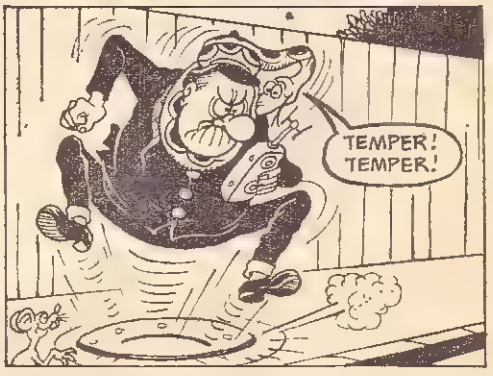
I'LL CALL FOR HELP ON MY WALKIE-TALKIE SET!
ACTION STATIONS!

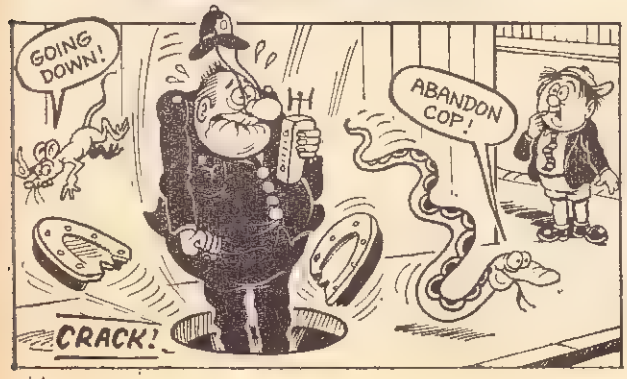

SHPUP!
SOOK!

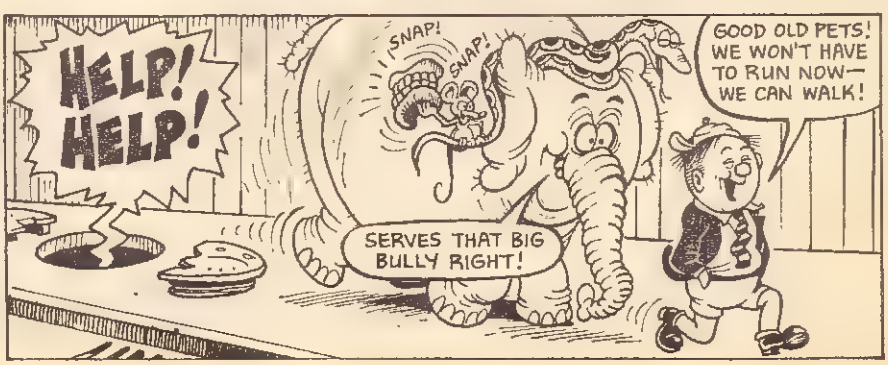
HA, HA! SNIGGER!

HSHO! GISH HISH SHUMSHELP! PEESHY SHIX SHOLLIN! HSHO! GISH! HISH —

WANTED
9.9 RENARD
MUST BE SOME CRACKPOT, SARGE!
GOT A FOREIGN STATION — SOUNDS LIKE A CHINAMAN WITH TOOTHACHE!


TEMPER! TEMPER!


GOING DOWN!
ABANDON COP!
CRACK!


HELP! HELP!
SNAP!
SNAP!
GOOD OLD PETS! WE WON'T HAVE TO RUN NOW— WE CAN WALK!
SERVES THAT BIG BULLY RIGHT!

NEXT WEEK IN SMASH!

THIS SUPER SMASHMATIC GUN (IT REALLY WORKS!)

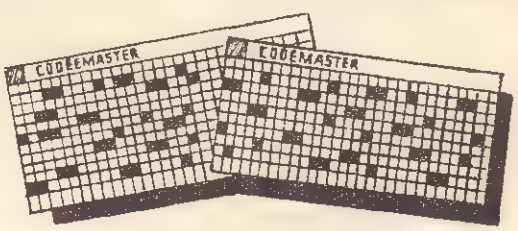
GET THIS GREAT FREE GIFT IN NEXT MONDAY'S SMASH! BUT HURRY... THEY'LL GO FAST!

Plus - ALL YOUR FAVOURITE CHARACTERS

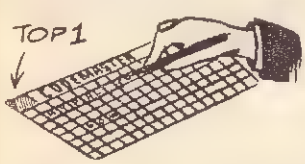
Master of the Marsh. The Rebbels. Janus Stark. Sergeant Rock etc.

SMASH! IS BRITAIN'S BEST . . . AND STILL ONLY **7d.**

HOW TO WRITE A SECRET MESSAGE WITH YOUR CODEMASTER CARD

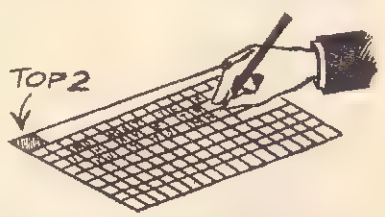


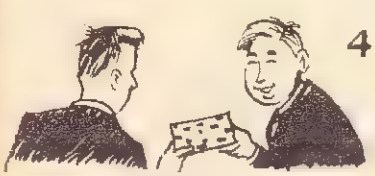
1 First place the side of the card bearing TOP 1 down on to a piece of blank paper. Draw a line right round the outside of the card to help you keep it in the same position.



2 Write a short message in block capitals, using the empty squares of the card to accommodate one or two letters at a time. Whenever you complete a word, use an asterisk before you start the next word.

3 When you have filled all the squares, turn the card over and place TOP 2 in exactly the same position, thus covering up all the letters you have written. You now have another set of blank squares in which to continue your message.



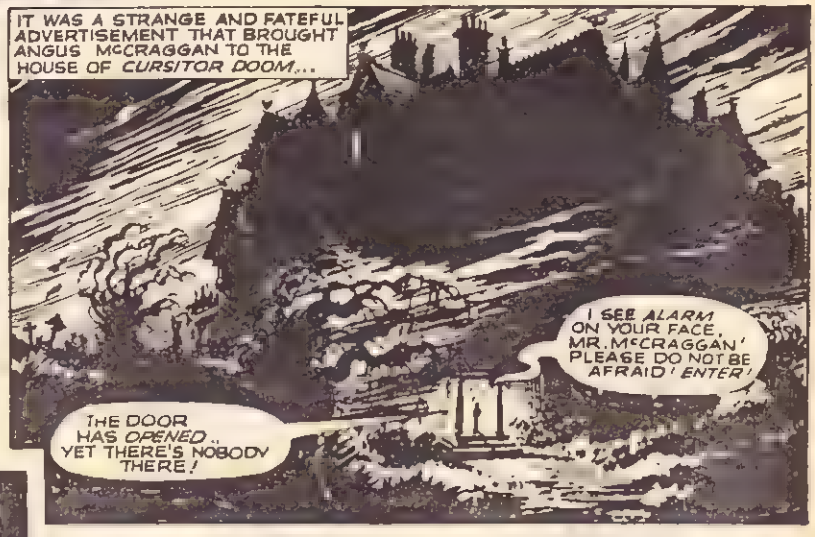


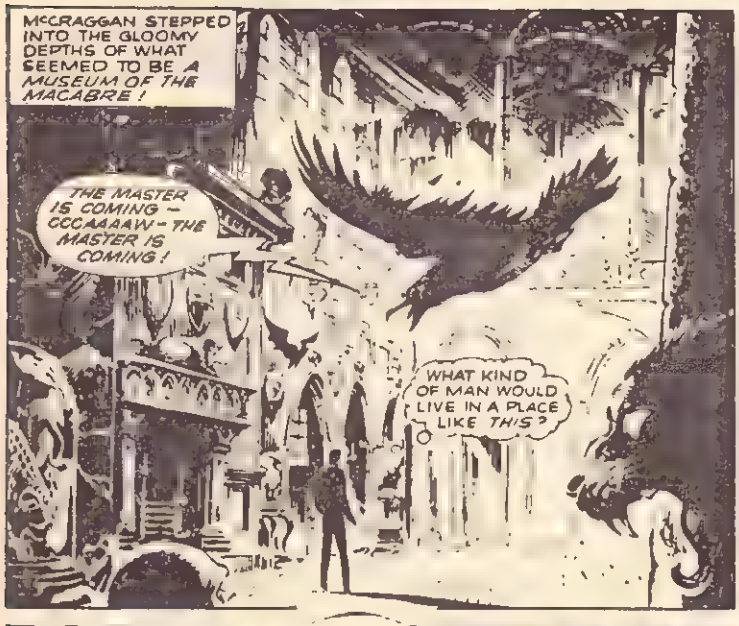
4 Give your friend one of the cards. Once you have told him how it works, he will be the only person who can read what you have written. To decode the completed message he will first read TOP 1 side, then turn the card over and read from TOP 2 side.

WITHOUT THE CODEMASTER CARD, THE MESSAGE WILL BE MEANINGLESS!

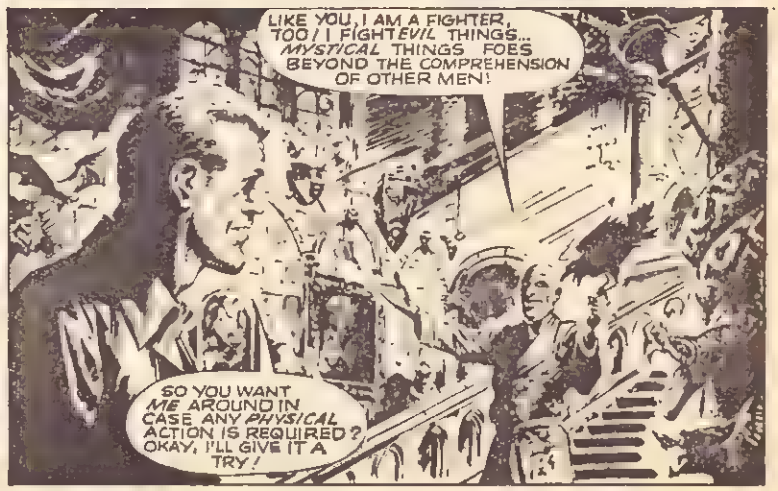
CURSITOR DOOM

and the case of KALAK THE DWARF


IT WAS A STRANGE AND FATEFUL ADVERTISEMENT THAT BROUGHT ANGUS McCRAGGAN TO THE HOUSE OF CURSITOR DOOM...
I SEE ALARM ON YOUR FACE, MR. McCRAGGAN! PLEASE DO NOT BE AFRAID! ENTER!
THE DOOR HAS OPENED.. YET THERE'S NOBODY THERE!


McCRAGGAN STEPPED INTO THE GLOOMY DEPTHS OF WHAT SEEMED TO BE A MUSEUM OF THE MACABRE!
THE MASTER IS COMING – CCCAAAAW – THE MASTER IS COMING!
WHAT KIND OF MAN WOULD LIVE IN A PLACE LIKE THIS?

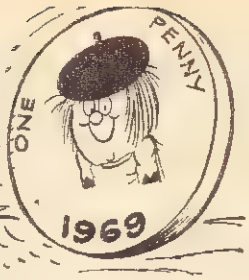
THE PIERCING EYES THAT FASTENED ON ANGUS McCRAGGAN SEEMED TO PROBE INTO THE DEPTHS OF HIS SOUL...
I KNOW THAT YOU ARE AN EX-SOLDIER AN ADVENTURER A MAN OF ACTION! JUST THE KIND OF ASSISTANT I ADVERTISED FOR!

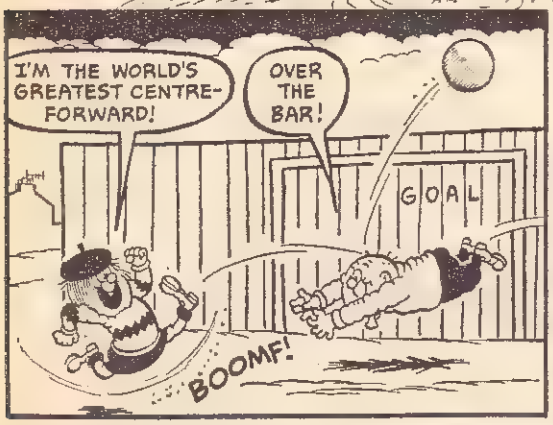

LIKE YOU, I AM A FIGHTER, TOO! I FIGHT EVIL THINGS... MYSTICAL THINGS FOES BEYOND THE COMPREHENSION OF OTHER MEN!
SO YOU WANT ME AROUND IN CASE ANY PHYSICAL ACTION IS REQUIRED? OKAY, I'LL GIVE IT A TRY!

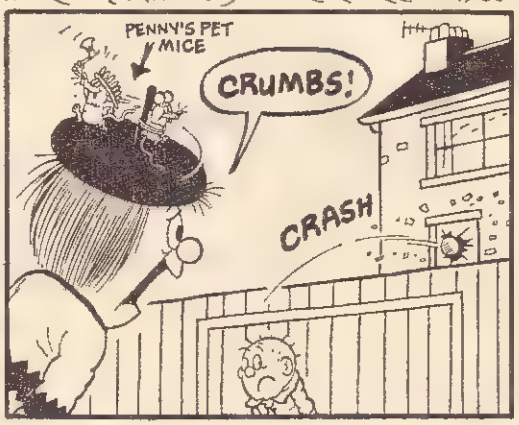
CURSITOR DOOM NODDED SOLEMNLY
GOOD! LET ME ASSURE YOU THAT YOU CAN HAVE FAITH IN MY ABILITY TO PROTECT YOU FROM THE DARK THINGS OF WHICH YOU KNOW NOTHING...
...AND THAT YOU WILL FIND NO LACK OF ACTION! FOR THE EVIL THAT I FIGHT NEVER CEASES! I KNOW THIS, AS SURELY AS I KNOW THAT SOMEWHERE, EVIL IS READY TO STRIKE... NOW!
AT THAT MOMENT, MANY MILES AWAY, IN THE OFFICES OF A LONDON NEWSPAPER...
THAT'S ALL I KNOW! THIS ARCHAEOLOGIST GUY HAS FOUND SOMETHING BIG! SNEED, I'LL FORGET THE LAST ASSIGNMENT YOU FOULED UP! DIG OUT THE STORY, AND TAKE YOUNG PILKINS WITH YOU!
I'M SADDLED WITH THIS CUB! I GET THE STORY AND PILKINS WILL GET THE CREDIT!
AS SNEED STALKED BITTERLY AWAY..
IF HE MESSES THIS UP, SNEED IS THROUGH!
NO-ONE LIKES HIM! HE MUST BE THE MOST UNPOPULAR MAN IN THE NEWSPAPER BUSINESS!
AND LATER, AT THE COUNTRY HOME OF THE EMINENT ARCHAEOLOGIST..
I SUPPOSE I MUST ANNOUNCE MY DISCOVERY SOME TIME! BUT, FIRST, SO THAT YOU REALISE ITS IMPORTANCE, LET ME TELL YOU A STORY... A VERY ANCIENT LEGEND!
LEGEND, PAH! DOESN'T THE OLD FOOL REALISE WE'RE WORKING FOR A NEWSPAPER!
"OVER A THOUSAND YEARS AGO THERE LIVED A SORCERER, A DWARF... WHO QUICKLY EARNED THE NAME OF KALAK THE EVIL!"
HE CAN FORETELL THE FUTURE! THAT IS WHY THE KING BROUGHT HIM HERE!
AND HAS RUED THE DAY EVER SINCE! NOW HE FEARS THAT KALAK WILL TRY TO TAKE OVER THE THRONE!
"EVENTUALLY THE KING SENT AN EMISSARY TO THE DISTANT HILLS WHERE DWELT THE STRANGE PEOPLE FROM WHOM KALAK CAME..."
WE ARE AFRAID OF HIM. THAT IS WHY THE KING ASKS YOUR HELP! IT IS SAID THAT YOU ALL HAVE THE SAME POWERS!
WE ARE A STRANGE PEOPLE, BUT WE BELIEVE WE SHOULD USE OUR POWERS FOR GOOD! LEAVE KALAK TO US!
"THE AVENGERS CAME IN THE NIGHT..."
YOU WILL NEVER KILL ME... NEVER!
WE DO NOT KILL, KALAK, YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN THAT! BUT WE CAN ENSURE THAT YOU NEVER MISUSE YOUR POWERS AGAIN!
CONTINUED OVERLEAF—

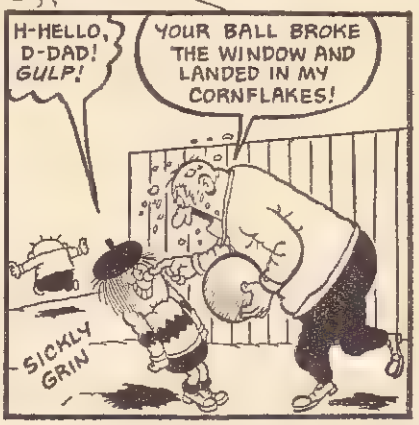
THE ARCHAEOLOGIST WAS TREMBLING WITH EXCITEMENT AS HE FINISHED HIS STORY AND FLUNG OPEN A DOOR...
THE DWARF PEOPLE TURNED KALAK INTO STONE AND IN A CAVE, I DISCOVERED... THIS!
THEN
THE SAME FEATURES. THE SAME SIZE BODY! IT IS KALAK THE EVIL! OF THIS I AM.. UUHHH!
HE'S FAINTED
OH, HE'LL BE OKAY! BUT THIS MEANS WE CAN BORROW THAT STATUE! TAKE IT TO THE OFFICE GET IT PHOTOGRAPHED
THUNDER RUMBLED ACROSS THE NIGHT SKY AS THE REPORTERS RACED
WE SHOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN IT, SNEED! I SHOULDN'T HAVE LET YOU TAKE IT!
AW, SHUT UP! THIS IS MY CHANCE FOR A BIG STORY, AND NOBODY'S GOING TO STOP ME!
BUT IN HIS EAGERNESS, SNEED FORGOT THE GREASY, RAIN SWEPT ROAD
YOU'RE GOING TOO FAST TO... LOOK OUTTTT!
SHE'S SKIDDING! I CAN'T HOLD HER!
THE CAR'S HAD IT! WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE SHELTER!
LOOK! THERE'S AN OLD HUT!
BACK IN THE HOUSE OF CURSITOR DOOM...
YES, I KNOW THESE THINGS, MY YOUNG FRIEND! EVEN NOW, EVIL STRIKES... SOMEWHERE!
BUT BEFORE WE CAN TACKLE IT, WE'VE GOT TO HEAR ABOUT IT! HOW WILL WE HEAR ABOUT THIS.. THIS EVIL?
FEAR NOT, ANGUS! ALL ENGLAND WILL HEAR OF IT... FOR EVERY FIBRE OF MY BEING TELLS ME THAT THIS WILL PROVE A DARK, DARK DAY FOR HUMANITY!
WILL CURSITOR DOOM'S SINISTER FORECAST COME TRUE?
PREPARE YOURSELF FOR SHOCKS IN NEXT WEEK'S GRIPPING CONTINUATION!

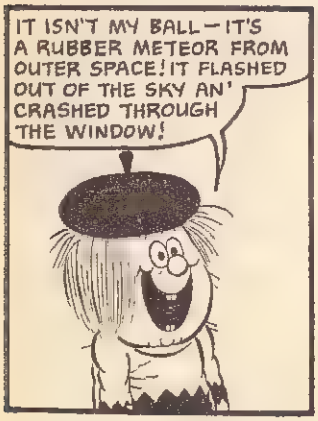
BAD PENNY

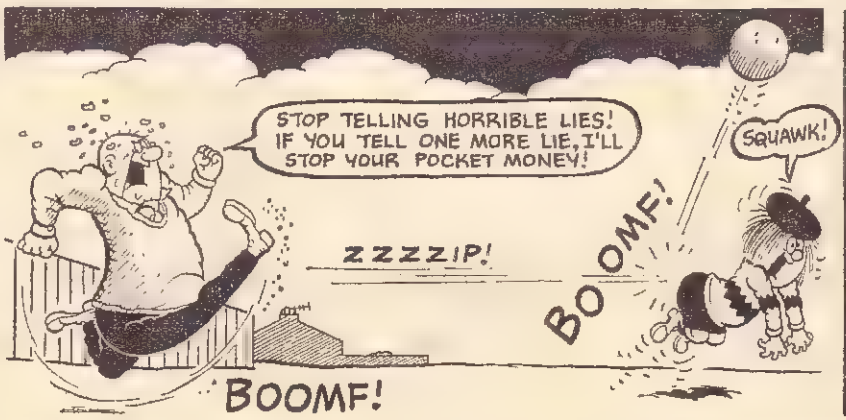

ONE PENNY
1969

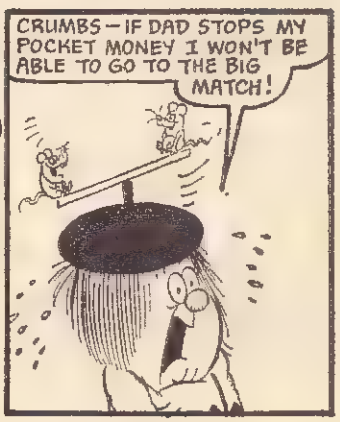

I'M THE WORLD'S GREATEST CENTRE-FORWARD!
OVER THE BAR!
GOAL
BOOMF!

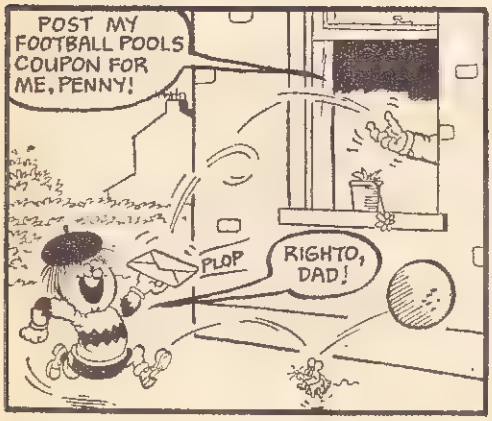

PENNY'S PET MICE
CRUMBS!
CRASH

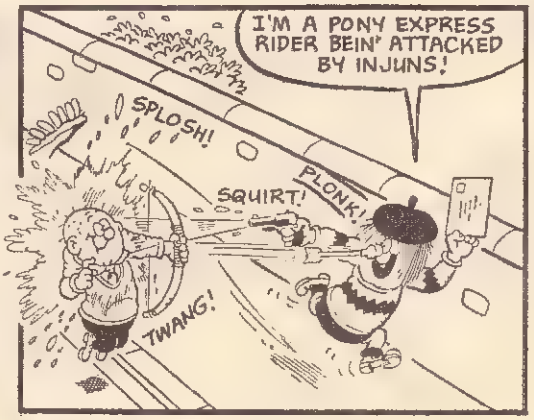

H-HELLO, D-DAD! GULP!
YOUR BALL BROKE THE WINDOW AND LANDED IN MY CORNFLAKES!
SICKLY GRIN

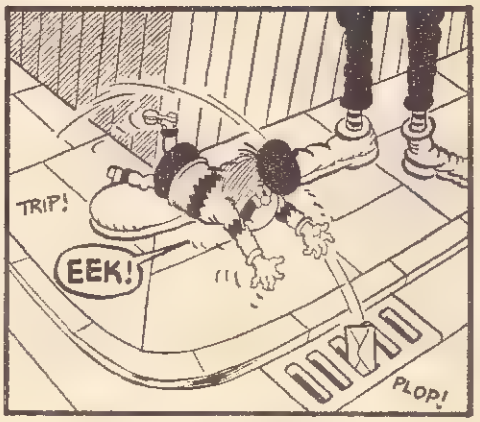

IT ISN'T MY BALL—IT'S A RUBBER METEOR FROM OUTER SPACE! IT FLASHED OUT OF THE SKY AN' CRASHED THROUGH THE WINDOW!


STOP TELLING HORRIBLE LIES! IF YOU TELL ONE MORE LIE, I'LL STOP YOUR POCKET MONEY!
ZZZZIP!
SQUAWK!
BOOMF!
BOOMF!

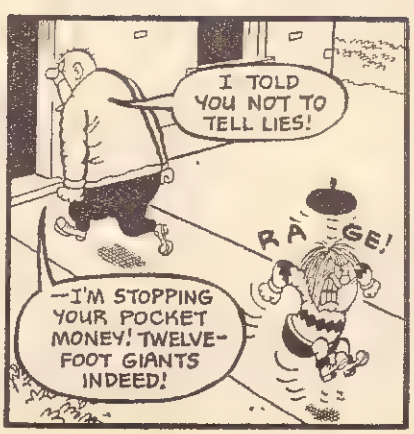

CRUMBS—IF DAD STOPS MY POCKET MONEY I WON'T BE ABLE TO GO TO THE BIG MATCH!

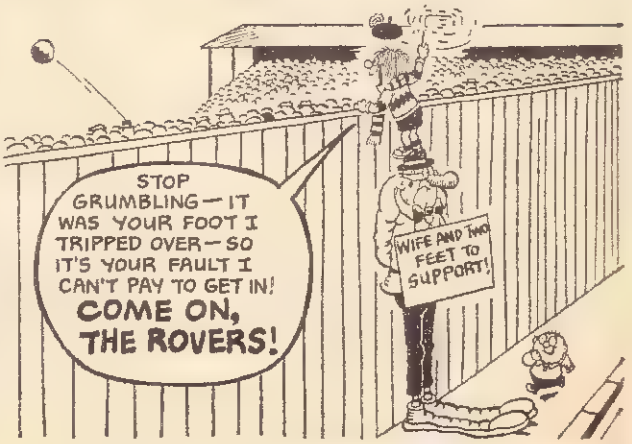

POST MY FOOTBALL POOLS COUPON FOR ME, PENNY!
PLOP
RIGHTO, DAD!


I'M A PONY EXPRESS RIDER BEIN' ATTACKED BY INJUNS!
SPLOSH!
SQUIRT!
PLONK!
TWANG!


TRIP!
EEK!
PLOP!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN... YOU DROPPED MY COUPON DOWN A DRAIN???
GULP—WASN'T MY FAULT—
I TRIPPED OVER A TWELVE-FOOT GIANT'S FOOT!


I TOLD YOU NOT TO TELL LIES!
RA GE!
—I'M STOPPING YOUR POCKET MONEY! TWELVE-FOOT GIANTS INDEED!


STOP GRUMBLING—IT WAS YOUR FOOT I TRIPPED OVER—SO IT'S YOUR FAULT I CAN'T PAY TO GET IN!
COME ON, THE ROVERS!
WIFE AND TWO FEET TO SUPPORT!

REBBELS ON THE RUN

NO-ONE WAS SORRY TO LEARN THAT BRICK HILL ORPHANAGE WAS TO BE DEMOLISHED... LEAST OF ALL THE THOUSANDS OF BOYS WHO HAD PASSED THROUGH THE DOORS OF THE BLEAK AND ANCIENT BUILDING. NOW, FOR TWO OF ITS THREE REMAINING INMATES— MIKE REBBEL, AND HIS BROTHER, TUG— A LONG-AWAITED DAY HAD AT LAST ARRIVED!

BWAAAK!

YAHOOOO! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! ONLY ANOTHER FEW HOURS, AND WE CAN SAY GOODBYE TO THE BRICK-HEAP!

I WONDER WHICH ORPHANAGE WE'RE GOING TO BE TRANSFERRED TO, TUG?

I DON'T CARE WHERE IT IS, SO LONG AS ALL THREE OF US CAN STAY TOGETHER, MIKE! YAR-HA!

HOY!

ER.. D-DON'T GET TOO EXCITED, BOYS! I... I'M AFRAID I'VE GOT SOME BAD NEWS!

IT WAS ARCHIBALD CODGELY, BRICK HILL'S ELDERLY GOVERNOR, WHO HAD INTERRUPTED THE ROUGH-AND-TUMBLE!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, 'BAD NEWS', MR. CODGELY? GOSH, DON'T TELL ME THEY'RE NOT GOING TO DEMOLISH THIS PLACE, AFTER ALL!

OH, N-NO! YOU'LL BE LEAVING TODAY, AS ARRANGED..

BUT, AS YOU KNOW, MOST OF THE ORPHANAGES IN THE COUNTRY ARE ALREADY SERIOUSLY OVERCROWDED! IT.. IT'S JUST IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE AUTHORITIES TO GET ALL OF YOU INTO THE SAME ESTABLISHMENT! SO, YOU SEE...

MIKE REBBEL GUESSED THE REST!

THEY'RE GOING TO SPLIT US UP! WE'RE TO BE SENT TO DIFFERENT ORPHANAGES!

BUT THEY CAN'T! YOU... YOU PROMISED US THAT WE'D NEVER BE SEPARATED!

I KNOW, BOYS, I KNOW! BUT THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO...!

IT'S YOUNG RUPERT I'M REALLY WORRIED ABOUT! I— I JUST DREAD THE THOUGHT OF HAVING TO BREAK THE NEWS TO HIM!

DON'T WORRY! WE'LL DO IT OURSELVES! COME ON, TUG..!

HEE-YAAAAH! HEAD 'EM OFF, ROCKY! BANG! BANG! PEE-OWWW!

LOOK AT HIM, POOR LITTLE BLIGHTER! ONE OF THESE DAYS, I RECKON HE'LL TURN INTO A COWBOY!

RUPERT REBBEL WAS OBLIVIOUS TO THE GRIM MOOD OF HIS BROTHERS...

HEY, MIKE... BAM! HAS THE CAR COME FOR US YET? I CAN'T WAIT TO GET AWAY FROM THIS ROTTEN OLD PLACE!

THE BRICK-HEAP ISN'T SO BAD! AT LEAST WE WERE TOGETHER!

WE'VE... ER, JUST BEEN HAVING A CHAT WITH OLD CODGER, RUPERT...!

RUPERT'S FACE DROPPED AS TUG WENT ON. THEN A LOUD WAIL BURST FROM THE LITTLE FELLOW...

IT'S N-NOT FAIR! SOB! THEY CAN'T SPLIT US UP! I MEAN... IT'S NOT SO B-BAD FOR YOU TWO, BUT I'M ONLY SEVEN-!

STOP BLUBBERING, RUPERT! NO-ONE IS GOING TO SEPARATE US!

MIKE REBBEL HAD COME TO A SUDDEN DECISION...

I'M FED-UP BEING HUMPED AROUND LIKE A PIECE OF FURNITURE! IT'S ABOUT TIME WE SHOWED THESE PERISHIN' ADULTS THAT WE DON'T NEED THEIR CHARITY!

YOU MEAN... RUN AWAY? B-BUT THEY'LL COME AFTER US, MIKE!

THE WORLD'S A BIG PLACE! MAYBE THEY'LL NEVER FIND US! WE'LL MAKE A NEW LIFE — SOMEHOW... SOMEWHERE!

YIPPEEEE! UP THE REBBELS!

WAIT FOR ME!

BACK IN THE DORMITORY, THE THREE BOYS WORKED SWIFTLY!

I'VE GOT ALL THE GRUB I COULD SCROUNGE FROM THE KITCHEN, MIKE!

NICE WORK! WE'LL PACK EVERYTHING INTO ONE RUCKSACK! NOW... WHERE'S THE 'MAGIC BOX'?

HUNTING AROUND, MIKE SOON UNEARTHED A SLIM, BATTERED CASE!

DAD'S OLD STAGE CONJURING OUTFIT! IT'S LIKE PART OF THE FAMILY NOW!

TAKE IT ALONG, MIKE! ALL THOSE TRICKS YOU'VE TAUGHT YOURSELF MIGHT COME IN HANDY!

AN EXCITED VOICE PIPED UP!

AND I'M TAKING MY COWBOY STUFF! IF WE MEET ANY CROOKS—!

YOU'LL PROBABLY RUN FOR YOUR LIFE! BUT YOU WOULDN'T GET VERY FAR WITH ALL THAT CLOBBER WEIGHING YOU DOWN!

DESPITE HIS PROTESTS, RUPERT WAS STRIPPED OF EVERYTHING EXCEPT HIS FAVOURITE GUNBELT, A LARIAT, AND TOY STETSON.. THEN...

RIGHT, YOU REBBELS.. LET'S GO! KEEP AS QUIET AS YOU CAN, AND DO EXACTLY AS I SAY!

YOU'RE THE LEADER, MIKE!

VOICES DRIFTED UP TO THEM AS THE BROTHERS CREPT OUT ON TO THE MAIN LANDING!

SOMEONE TALKING TO OLD CODGER! IT MUST BE THE WELFARE PEOPLE... COME TO TAKE US TO THE NEW ORPHANAGES!

WE'D BETTER NIP DOWN THE BACK STAIRS!

BUT EVEN AS MIKE LED THE WAY FORWARD...

AA-OW! MY GUNBELT! IT.. IT'S SLIPPING!

RUPERT! MIND OUT, YOU LITTLE...!

BUT IT WAS TOO LATE!

OH, NO! HE'S ACCIDENTALLY FIRED ONE OF THE CAPS!

KRAAK!

UUUFFF!

DOWN BELOW, STARTLED HEADS TURNED TOWARDS THE SHARP, ECHOING CRACK!

I SAY! AREN'T THOSE THE BOYS WE'VE COME TO FETCH? ONE OF THEM APPEARS TO BE WEARING A HAVERSACK!

THE LITTLE ROGUES! THEY MUST BE TRYING TO RUN AWAY... AFTER THEM!

WILL THE REBBELS ESCAPE? SEE NEXT MONDAY!

HIS SPORTING LORDSHIP

HENRY NOBBINS WAS ALWAYS IN TROUBLE! HE LIKED NOTHING BETTER THAN A SCRAP...AND, AS A LABOURER ON THE BUILDING SITE OF T. BUMPTON AND SONS, IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND, HE FOUND PLENTY OF OPPORTUNITY TO USE HIS FISTS...

OY-WATCH IT, YOU CLUMSY GREAT NIT! YOU'RE SPILLING THAT STUFF ALL OVER ME! YOU'RE NOT FIT TO DRIVE A TOY CAR – LET ALONE A MECHANICAL DIGGER!

HENRY'S OFF AGAIN! THAT LAD'S ALWAYS SPOILING FOR A FIGHT!

HE'LL GET ONE, TOO... BIG TOM DON'T LIKE BEIN' SHOUTED AT!

BIG TOM THE DIGGER DRIVER HATED BEING SHOUTED AT!

SO 'TIS A GREAT NIT I AM, IS IT? NOT FIT TO DRIVE A DIGGER, EH? JUST STAY THERE, YOUNG HENRY... AND I'LL SMASH YE INTO TINY PIECES!

MEANWHILE, AT THE SITE FOREMAN'S OFFICE.

EXCUSE ME, SIR... I WONDER IF YOU CAN HELP ME? I'VE BEEN INFORMED THAT YOU HAVE A MR. HENRY NOBBINS WORKING HERE!

HENRY NOBBINS? OH, YOU MEAN YOUNG HENRY, I EXPECT. YES, HE WORKS HERE, MATE. WHAT'S HE DONE NOW?

HE HASN'T DONE ANYTHING... I JUST HOPE HE'S THE MAN I'M LOOKING FOR! I'VE INVESTIGATED EIGHTY-SEVEN HENRY NOBBINS IN THE PAST MONTH... AND NOT ONE OF THEM HAS BEEN THE RIGHT ONE!

THERE'S YOUNG HENRY... FIGHTING, AS USUAL!

KOK!

OH, DEAR... WHAT A A VIOLENT PUNCH! IS THAT BIG MAN HENRY NOBBINS?

NO, MATE... THIS ONE IS HENRY NOBBINS! DEAD UNLUCKY BLOKE HE IS... ALWAYS FIGHTING, AND ALWAYS LOSING!

YOU'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO BIG TOM, YOU KNOW... HE'S GOT A LOVELY UPPERCUT! KNOCKS ME OUT EVERY TIME HE HITS ME!

IF...ER...YOU'RE NOT TOO BUSY, MR. NOBBINS...I'D LIKE TO HAVE A WORD WITH YOU IN PRIVATE!

OKAY, MATE... WE CAN USE THE OLD STORE SHED!

FIRST OF ALL ...IS YOUR FULL NAME, MR. HENRY **D'ARCY PERCIVAL** NOBBINS?

COR, YOU'RE RIGHT! BUT DON'T YOU TELL ANYONE ELSE, CHUM... THEY'LL NEVER STOP LAUGHING AT ME!

AND DO YOU HAVE, ON YOUR RIGHT UPPER ARM, A BIRTH-MARK... IN THE RATHER CURIOUS SHAPE OF A **FIVE-POINTED STAR?**

HEY, HOW DID YOU KNOW **THAT?**

MR. WIMPOLE INSISTED UPON SEEING THE PROOF...

OH, MR. NOBBINS...I'VE FOUND YOU **AT LAST!** YOU ARE WITHOUT DOUBT THE PERSON I'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR ALL THIS TIME!

COME ON... WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, THEN?

ALL WILL BE EXPLAINED TOMORROW! TAKE THIS CARD AND CALL AT THE ADDRESS ON IT IN THE MORNING AT TEN O'CLOCK SHARP, PLEASE! IT WILL BE TO YOUR ADVANTAGE!

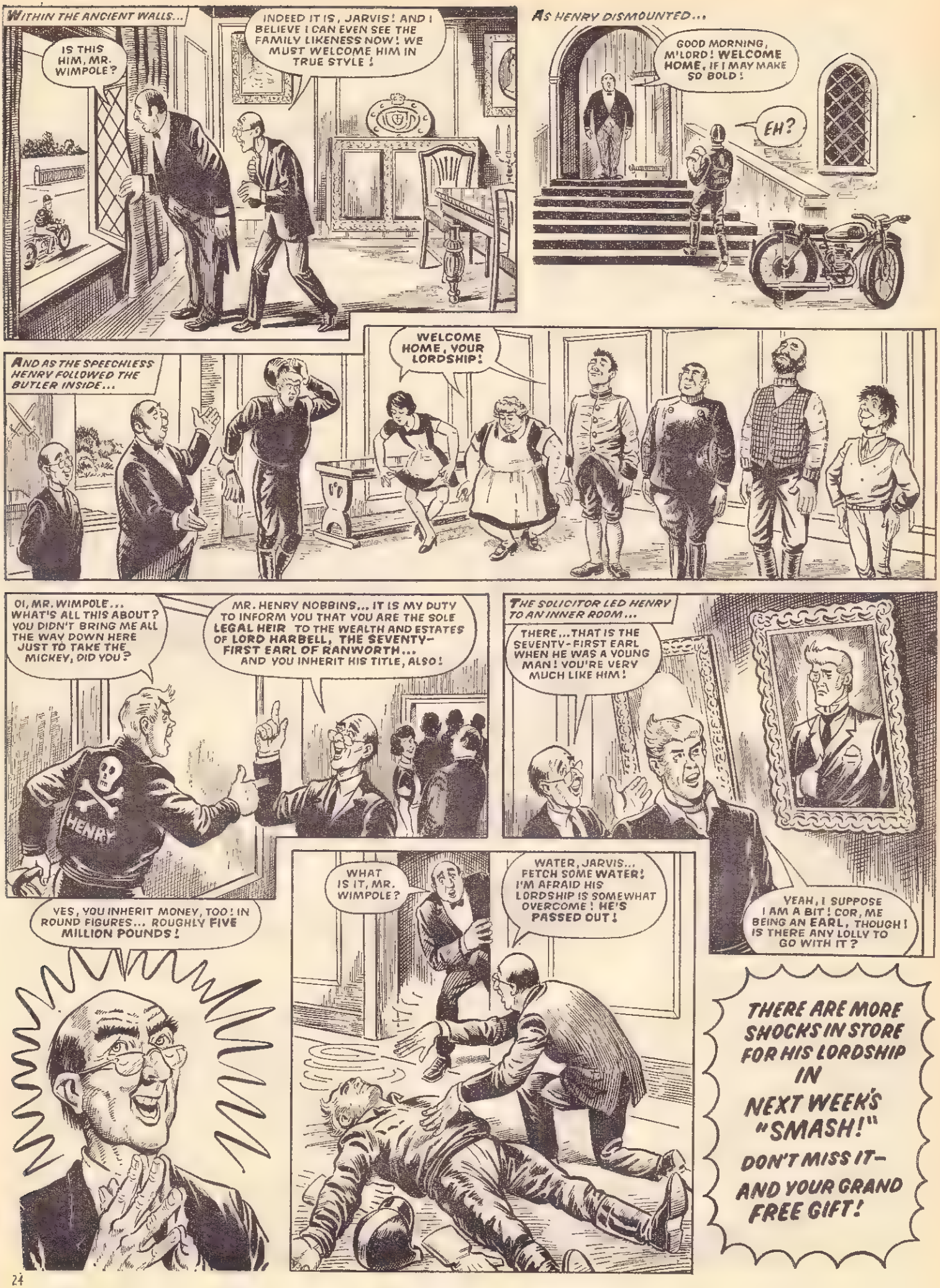
COR! I'LL HAVE MY PAY STOPPED IF I TAKE A DAY OFF! STILL-OKAY!

CASTLE PLONKTON... KENT! THAT'S RIGHT DOWN SOUTH, MORE THAN TWO HUNDRED MILES FROM HERE! I'LL HAVE TO START OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT TO GET THERE BY THE MORNING...

BUT HENRY MADE IT IN TIME ON HIS MOTOR-CYCLE...

THERE IT IS! WHAT A PLACE!! I WONDER WHAT THAT OLD MR. WIMPOLE WANTED ME TO COME **HERE** FOR?

CONTINUED OVERLEAF...


WITHIN THE ANCIENT WALLS...
IS THIS HIM, MR. WIMPOLE?
INDEED IT IS, JARVIS! AND I BELIEVE I CAN EVEN SEE THE FAMILY LIKENESS NOW! WE MUST WELCOME HIM IN TRUE STYLE!
AS HENRY DISMOUNTED...
GOOD MORNING, M'LORD! WELCOME HOME, IF I MAY MAKE SO BOLD!
EH?
AND AS THE SPEECHLESS HENRY FOLLOWED THE BUTLER INSIDE...
WELCOME HOME, YOUR LORDSHIP!
OI, MR. WIMPOLE... WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT? YOU DIDN'T BRING ME ALL THE WAY DOWN HERE JUST TO TAKE THE MICKEY, DID YOU?
MR. HENRY NOBBINS... IT IS MY DUTY TO INFORM YOU THAT YOU ARE THE SOLE LEGAL HEIR TO THE WEALTH AND ESTATES OF LORD HARBELL, THE SEVENTY-FIRST EARL OF RANWORTH... AND YOU INHERIT HIS TITLE, ALSO!
HENRY
THE SOLICITOR LED HENRY TO AN INNER ROOM...
THERE... THAT IS THE SEVENTY-FIRST EARL WHEN HE WAS A YOUNG MAN! YOU'RE VERY MUCH LIKE HIM!
YES, YOU INHERIT MONEY, TOO! IN ROUND FIGURES... ROUGHLY FIVE MILLION POUNDS!
WHAT IS IT, MR. WIMPOLE?
WATER, JARVIS... FETCH SOME WATER! I'M AFRAID HIS LORDSHIP IS SOMEWHAT OVERCOME! HE'S PASSED OUT!
YEAH, I SUPPOSE I AM A BIT! COR, ME BEING AN EARL, THOUGH! IS THERE ANY LOLLY TO GO WITH IT?
THERE ARE MORE SHOCKS IN STORE FOR HIS LORDSHIP IN NEXT WEEK'S "SMASH!" DON'T MISS IT— AND YOUR GRAND FREE GIFT!

THE DARK SILENCE OF MIDNIGHT LAY OVER VICTORIAN LONDON. BUT INSIDE THE ORPHANAGE OF HEMLOCK HALL, A BOY WORKED WITH BATED BREATH..... A BOY WHOSE UNCANNY POWER WAS SOON TO ASTOUND THE WORLD!

HURRY, JONAS! IF OLD TRAGG CATCHES US TRYING TO BREAK INTO THE KITCHEN-!

I DON'T CARE IF HE DOES! ALL I CAN THINK OF ARE THOSE VITTLES IN THERE!

DELICATELY, THE WIRE IN JONAS CLARKE'S LONG-FINGERED HAND PROBED THE MECHANISM OF THE PADLOCK...

HE'S STARVED AND BEATEN US LONG ENOUGH! NOTHING'S GOING TO KEEP US FROM THAT FOOD... NOTHING!

BUT EVEN AS THE LOCK SPRANG OPEN...

I'VE DONE IT, MATES... WE'RE IN!

VERY CLEVER, YE THIEVIN' YOUNG WHELP!

OWW! IT'S THE WARDEN! WE'VE BIN NABBED!

THE BRUTAL HAND OF SIMON TRAGG FELL ON JONAS'S SHOULDER...

AA-AAGH!

YOU LITTLE FOOL! I KNEW WHAT YOU WAS PLANNIN' WHEN I SAW YER PRACTISING ON THE PADLOCK OF THE GARDEN SHED!

BUT YOU ALWAYS 'AVE BEEN A STRANGE ONE, 'AVEN'T YOU, CLARKE? THAT WEIRD LOOK IN YER EYE.. GIVES ME THE CREEPS, IT DOES! BUT I'LL FIX YER-!

THE STRUGGLING BOY WAS HURLED DOWN A FLIGHT OF STEPS...

YOU CAN ROT IN THERE UNTIL THE MORNING— THEN I'M GOING TO FLOG YOU IN FRONT OF THE WHOLE ORPHANAGE! I'LL MAKE A GENTLEMAN OF YOU YET, JONAS CLARKE!

BUT EVEN AS THE CELLAR DOOR SLAMMED BEHIND SIMON TRAGG...

YOU'LL NOT LAY A FINGER ON ME, TRAGG! I'VE ONLY STAYED HERE AS LONG AS I HAVE FOR THE SAKE OF THE OTHER BOYS!

CONTINUED OVERLEAF -

LONG AGO, THE YOUNG ORPHAN HAD BECOME AWARE OF THE STRANGE, RUBBERY QUALITY OF HIS BONES . . . AND NOW HE USED THAT GIFT!
UUHHH! THE... PAIN! GOT TO..STRETCH MESELF... AN INCH OR TWO.. MORE!
A SECOND LATER, THE AMAZING YOUTH HAD WRIGGLED THROUGH THE SIX INCH GAP! BUT AS JONAS CLIMBED THE ORPHANAGE GATES, AND DROPPED INTO THE STREET...
HOY... YOU, THERE! STOP, I SAY!
A CRUSHER!
DESPERATELY, THE BOY TOOK TO HIS HEELS.. BUT LACK OF FOOD HAD WEAKENED HIM!
AFTER 'IM, LEN! HE'S JUST BUNKED OUT OF THE ORPHANAGE!
THEY'RE... GAINING ON ME! CAN'T... KEEP GOING MUCH.. LONGER!
THEN, AS HE HURLED HIMSELF AROUND A CORNER!
IN HERE, LAD!
AAAOWWW!
A ROUGH BUT GENTLE HAND STIFLED JONAS'S STARTLED YELL...
NOT A SOUND, YOUNG SHAVER... OR WE'LL BOTH BE IN THE SOUP!
MMMPH!
NOT UNTIL THE SOUNDS OF PURSUIT HAD DIED AWAY, DID JONAS'S TATTERED RESCUER RELAX HIS GRIP...
NOW THEN... LET'S SEE WHAT WE'VE CAUGHT! H'MM, NOT MUCH FLESH ON YER BONES, AND YOU'VE BEEN LARRUPPED, TOO, BY THE FEEL OF THEM BRUISES!
HERE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING, MISTER?
THEN THE INCREDIBLE TRUTH DAWNED ON JONAS...
WHY, YOU.. YOU'RE BLIND!
I DON'T NEED EYES TO SEE YOU, LAD! I USES ME NOSE, AND ME EARS! I CAN DO THINGS WITH ME 'ANDS THAT WOULD BAFFLE AN EAGLE—WATCH THIS!
A SNAP OF THE BLIND MAN'S FINGERS, AND...
LOR! IT'S A WHEAT-CAKE! BUT, HOW-?
HEH, HEH! LIKE TO LEARN THE TRICKS OF THE TRADE, WOULD YER? AND SO YOU WILL, BOY, SO YOU WILL! JUST STICK WITH OLD LARGO!
AND SO, IN THAT RUBBISH-LITTERED ALLEY, A STRANGE AND AFFECTIONATE PARTNERSHIP WAS FORMED. AS THE YEARS PASSED, LARGO AND THE YOUNG ORPHAN BECAME LIKE FATHER AND SON. IN THE BLIND MAN'S MUSTY GARRET, JONAS LEARNED THE STEALTHY ARTS OF THOSE WHO HAD TO STEAL TO SURVIVE...
GENTLY, LAD... FEEL FOR THE CLICK OF THEM TUMBLERS! BY THE TIME I'VE FINISHED, YOU'LL BE CRACKING SAFES WITH YOUR EYES SHUT!

BY THE TIME HE WAS TWENTY, JONAS'S SKILL WAS EVEN GREATER THAN HIS TUTOR'S . . .
HELP! MY WALLET... I'VE BEEN ROBBED!
AS LARGO ALWAYS SAYS— GO FOR THE RICH ONES! THEY'LL NEVER MISS IT!
BUT MOST OF THE STOLEN MONEY SOON PASSED THROUGH HIS HANDS!
THERE'S ENOUGH THERE FOR NEW TOGS, AND ALL THE GRUB YOU CAN EAT! TELL YOUR MOTHERS YOU FOUND IT!
COR! FANKS, MISTER..!
AS JONAS CLARKE GREW OLDER HE LEARNED TO CONTROL THE MYSTERIOUS ELASTICITY OF HIS BODY!
...AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTS, BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES, MY YOUNG MATEY WILL ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE FROM A STRAIT-JACKET, WHILST SUSPENDED BY 'IS ANKLES!
IMPOSSIBLE..!
THAT DAY, JONAS AMAZED EVEN LARGO!
GREAT SCOTT! HE'S FREED ONE ARM ALREADY!
HIS BODY SEEMS TO BE MADE OF RUBBER!
A FEW FANTASTIC SECONDS LATER...
HE— HE'S DONE IT!
THE FELLOW'S A MARVEL! HE OUGHT TO BE ON THE STAGE!
THEY'RE RIGHT, YOUNG MAN! SUCH TALENTS AS YOURS ARE WASTED IN A MARKET-PLACE!
THE SPEAKER INTRODUCED HIMSELF AS A THEATRICAL IMPRESARIO...
OUR THEATRES ARE CRYING OUT FOR SOMETHING NEW! WITH A FEW MORE TRICKS, AND THE RIGHT STAGING, YOU COULD BE A SENSATION!
WELL, JONAS... WHAT D'YE SAY, LAD?
NO! I...I COULD NEVER LEAVE YOU, LARGO—!
YOU CAN'T ESCAPE YOUR DESTINY, SON! I KNEW IT WOULD COME TO THIS, ONE DAY! YOU'VE GOT THE SPARK OF GREATNESS IN YOU! DON'T WASTE IT ON AN OLD CODGER LIKE ME!
THUS THE LEGEND OF JONAS CLARKE WAS BORN. AS HIS FAME AS AN ESCAPIST SPREAD, THE MOST FAMOUS IMPRESARIOS IN THE LAND CLAMOURED TO HIRE HIM. IN TIME, HE ADOPTED A NEW NAME— A NAME THAT BEFITTED A CREATURE OF AWE AND MYSTERY!
BEHOLD, JANUS STARK— MASTER OF ILLUSION, SON OF THE UNKNOWN! NO LOCK CAN FETTER ME... NO ROPE OR CHAIN CAN BIND MY LIMBS!
HIS FEATS ON THE STAGE BECAME MORE ASTOUNDING WITH EACH PERFORMANCE . . .
HE- HE'S ESCAPED FROM THE MUMMY'S COFFIN, AFTER BEING HANDCUFFED, AND BANDAGED FROM HEAD-TO-FOOT!
BRAVO!
CAN NOTHING CONTAIN THIS MAN?
CONTINUED OVERLEAF —

THEN, ONE NIGHT...
JANUS STARK! YOU ONCE SAID THAT YOU COULD NEVER REFUSE ANY CHALLENGE TO YOUR POWERS!
IT'S SIR MORTIMER HEDGES—THE GOVERNOR OF NEWGATE PRISON!
AS YOU ALL KNOW, NEW, SELF-SEALING LOCKS HAVE RECENTLY BEEN FITTED TO THE CELLS AT NEWGATE! I SAY THAT THEY ARE IMPREGNABLE! I SAY THAT NOT EVEN JANUS STARK CAN UNLOCK THEM! DO YOU DARE TO PROVE ME WRONG?
JANUS STARK SMILED MYSTERIOUSLY THROUGH THE SHOUTS THAT FILLED THE THEATRE...
ACCEPT THE CHALLENGE, JANUS! ACCEPT..!
WHY NOT? THIS IS THE MOMENT I HAVE WAITED FOR—THE CHANCE FOR REVENGE! BUT FIRST, I MUST PAY A CALL ON LARGO!
THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, HAVING VISITED HIS OLD FRIEND, JANUS PRESENTED HIMSELF AT NEWGATE GAOL...
AS WE AGREED, MR. STARK, YOU WILL BE LOCKED IN THIS CELL, AND GIVEN ONE HOUR IN WHICH TO ESCAPE! UNLESS, OF COURSE, YOU WOULD LIKE A LITTLE LONGER—?
ONE HOUR WILL BE SUFFICIENT, GOVERNOR!
ONCE ALONE IN THE CELL, JANUS STARK SWUNG INTO ACTION!
I WILL DEAL WITH THE LOCK LATER! WITH THE HELP OF MY CANE, I WILL NOW PERFORM THE ILLUSION OF BEING IN TWO PLACES AT THE SAME TIME!
STARK'S CANE CONCEALED A BLADE OF THE FINEST STEEL, WHICH HE USED TO PRISE UP ONE OF THE HEAVY FLAG-STONES..
LARGO WAS RIGHT! A DISUSED SEWER CHANNEL RUNS RIGHT BENEATH THE CELL-BLOCK!
PANTING FROM THE AGONY OF DISTORTING HIS MUSCLES, STARK WRIGGLED INTO THE CHANNEL!
IT'S... NARROWER THAN I... THOUGHT! IF I.. STICK HALF..WAY, I'LL ..SUFFOCATE!
BUT, AT LAST...
THANK THE STARS... I'VE REACHED THE MAIN SEWER! NOW FOR SIMON TRAGG!
THE PASSAGE OF 15 YEARS HAD NOT CHANGED THE WARDEN OF HEMLOCK HALL. AT THAT MOMENT, HE WAS INDULGING IN HIS FAVOURITE PASTIME...
...48, 49, 50! HEH, HEH! I SHOULD BE SPENDING THIS MONEY ON FOOD FOR THOSE BRATS... BUT I NEEDS IT MORE THAN THEY DO! HAH!
THEN, JUST AS TRAGG COUNTED THE LAST OF THE GLITTERING SOVEREIGNS...
SO, SIMON TRAGG.. WE MEET AGAIN!
HUUH? WH-WHASSAT? WHO'S THERE?
DON'T YOU KNOW ME, TRAGG? MEN CALL ME JANUS STARK NOW... BUT I WAS ONCE A PRISONER IN THIS DEN OF MISERY!
THOSE... THOSE EYES! NO... IT—IT CAN'T BE! JONAS CLARKE!

THE POWER OF THE UNIVERSE SEEMED TO LEAP FROM STARK'S FINGER-TIPS . . .
AAAAAHHHH!
YES, TRAGG! AND NOW I BRING A RECKONING— REVENGE FOR ALL THE UNFORTUNATE SOULS WHO HAVE SUFFERED FROM YOUR GREED!
STARK'S VENGEANCE WAS SWIFT! TWENTY MINUTES LATER, BACK INSIDE NEWGATE PRISON . . .
THE HOUR IS UP, GENTLEMEN! SHALL WE SEE HOW MR. STARK IS GETTING ON?
I EXPECT TO FIND CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE THAT THIS PRISON IS NOW ESCAPE-PROOF!
BUT AS THE SMIRKING OFFICIALS TURNED INTO THE CELL-BLOCK . . .
AH, THERE YOU ARE, SIR MORTIMER! I WAS JUST EXAMINING THE NEW LOCK... A MOST INTERESTING MECHANISM!
NO! I D-DON'T BELIEVE IT..!
THE GOVERNOR WAS STILL GOGGLING IN AMAZEMENT, WHEN...
THERE HE IS! THAT'S THE MAN, OFFICER!
EH? CONFOUND IT! WHO IS THIS FELLOW?
IT'S MR. SIMON TRAGG, SIR, THE WARDEN OF HEMLOCK ORPHANAGE!
HE CLAIMS THAT MR. STARK BROKE INTO HIS ROOMS, AND ATTACKED HIM!
THAT'S RIGHT! HE KNOCKED ME OUT, AND STOLE THE ORPHANAGE FUNDS!
WHAT UTTER NONSENSE! MR. STARK HAS BEEN LOCKED IN THAT CELL FOR THE LAST HOUR! BESIDES, HE COULDN'T POSSIBLY HAVE LEFT THE CELL-BLOCK UNSEEN!
BUT I SAW HIM! I SAW HIM WITH MY OWN EYES! YOU'VE GOTTER BELIEVE ME-!
TAKE HIM AWAY! THE MAN'S A FOOL!
HE'S CERTAINLY NOT FIT TO BE IN CHARGE OF AN ORPHANAGE! WE'LL HAVE TO SPEAK TO THE FOUNDERS!
A FEW DAYS LATER, THE NEW WARDEN OF HEMLOCK HALL ADDRESSED A MEETING OF HIS STAFF...
... AS A RESULT OF THE ROBBERY, AND THE FACT THAT TRAGG WAS EMBEZZLING THE ORPHANAGE FUNDS, I AM AFRAID IT WILL BE SOME TIME BEFORE WE CAN IMPROVE THE BOYS' FOOD AND LIVING CONDITIONS!
THEN!
WHAT ON EARTH.?
CRASH!
TREMBLING HANDS UNWRAPPED THE BUNDLE WHICH HAD HURTLED THROUGH THE WINDOW!
IT.. IT'S THE ORPHANAGE CASH-BOX... FILLED WITH SOVEREIGNS! THERE'S MORE THAN ENOUGH FOR OUR NEEDS!
QUICKLY, THE WINDOW! WE MUST CATCH A GLIMPSE OF OUR UNKNOWN BENEFACTOR!
BUT THERE WAS NOTHING TO BE SEEN... EXCEPT THE GAUNT SILHOUETTE OF JANUS STARK, STRIDING TOWARDS THE RISING MOON . . .
WATCH OUT FOR ANOTHER MYSTERY-FILLED TALE OF JANUS STARK...NEXT WEEK!

THE and THE SWOTS Blots

THIS TEACHER IS ON HIS WAY TO SCHOOL—WHY IS HE LOOKING SO MISERABLE?

GLOOM

BECAUSE HE'S THE SWOTS AND BLOTS' TEACHER!

SOMETIMES I WISH I HAD A NICE SAFE JOB—

SCHOOL

PING PING

BLAST!

—LIKE A LION TAMER!

ESCAPE ROUTE

PLOP!

CARETAKER'S GONE HOME TO HAVE AN ASPIRIN SANDWICH, SIR! HE TOLD ME TO GIVE YOU THIS NOTE!

THIS IS GEORGE, LEADER OF THE BLOTS! YOU'VE HEARD OF GEORGIE BEST—WELL, HE'S GEORGIE WORST! CACKLE!

BLOT GEORGE

SWOT SLIMEY

HE'S SLIMEY, THE LEADER OF THE SWOTS! HE ALWAYS LOOKS LIKE HE'S HAD A BATH IN COD LIVER OIL!

MUNCH!

TWANG!

PHO

DEAR TEACHER, I'M NOT CLEARING UP TONS OF RUBBISH LEFT BY THESE SWOTS AND BLOTS. CARETAKER

BITE!

WHIRR!

TCH, TCH! EMPTY CRISP BAGS AND TOFFEE BAGS AND PAPERS ALL OVER THE PLAYGROUND!

CRUNCH! CRUNCH! CRUNCH!

AND BUBBLY GUM AND CHEWING GUM!

—AND OLD FISH AND CHIP PAPERS!

SPLAT!

GUST OF WIND

IN CLASS...

WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A COMPETITION—CLEARING UP THE RUBBISH FROM THE PLAYGROUND!

SPLOSH!

BOO!

PYOINNG!

UNRAVEL

—AND THE WINNERS WILL GET A GREAT MYSTERY PRIZE!

HOORAY!

AT PLAYTIME...

US SWOTS WILL WIN THE CONTEST 'COS WE'VE GOT BRAINS! SQUAWK!

YOU DON'T WANT BRAINS FOR SWEEPIN' RUBBISH—YOU WANT BRUSHES!

JAB!

RIGHT, BLOTS—LET'S GET SWEEPIN' UP!

SNIP SNIP SNIP

SABOTAGE! ONE BRISTLE LEFT!

TITTER! I'M JACK THE SNIPPER!

ZOOM!

VOLUNTEERING FOR BRUSH DUTY!

GOOD OL' BALDY!

WE'LL WIN THAT MYSTERY PRIZE!
HUH! THEY'VE GOT A BLOT BRUSH!
THE DRIVER'S GONE FOR A CUP OF TEA—
SCHOOL
COUNCIL DRAINS CLEANING VEHICLE
RIGHTO, SLIMEY!
—SWITCH ON, HUBERT!
HELP!
HAR, HAR! YOU'RE A LOAD OF SUCKERS!
SUCK IT TO 'EM!
SUCK!
HELP!
LEMME OUT!
SUCK!
THAT'S THE BLOTS OUT OF THE WAY—WE'LL WIN THAT PRIZE!
HELP!
BUT THE LORRY DRIVER LET THE BLOTS OUT...
GET OUT OF IT!
BLOW!
TA, MISTER!
WE'VE COLLECTED ALL THE RUBBISH, SIR! OOPS!
TRIP!
SPLOOSH!
TITTER!
PSST! PUSS PUSS! MILKO!
WE'LL CLEAN YOU UP, SIR!
I'LL WASH THE RUBBISH OFF YOU WITH MY WATER PISTOL, SIR!
SPLOSH!
HUMAN HOOVER!
SUCK!
WELL, THE SWOTS CLEARED THE PLAY-GROUND, BUT THE BLOTS CLEANED ME SO I'D BETTER GIVE BOTH LOTS A PRIZE!
HOORAY!
SO HERE'S A BIG BOX OF FRUIT AND NUTS FOR THE SWOTS!
WHERE'S OUR PRIZE, SIR?
DROOL
I'M GOING TO GIVE THE BLOTS AN EDUCATIONAL PRIZE TO HELP BRING THEIR BRAINS UP TO THE SWOTS' LEVEL—A BOOK TOKEN!
AAAGH!
PLOP!
LATER...
SNIGGER—WE'LL HAVE A BIG FEED WHILE THE BLOTS WATCH US EAT!
SNIGGER—WE GOT A USEFUL BOOK WITH OUR TOKEN!
YOU ARE FEELING DROWSY—YOU ARE UNDER MY 'FLUENCE—YOU WILL DO AS I SAY—
HYPNOTISED
HYPNOTISM
YUMMY! NOW FOR A FEED!
WE-DO-NOT-LIKE-FRUIT-AND-NUTS—THE-BLOTS-CAN-HAVE-'EM...
WE-WILL-DO-THE-BLOTS'-HOMEWORK-FOR-'EM...
SOOT
MORE GIGGLES IN NEXT MONDAY'S "SMASH!"

WHO WAS THE GREATEST WAYFINDER OF THEM ALL?

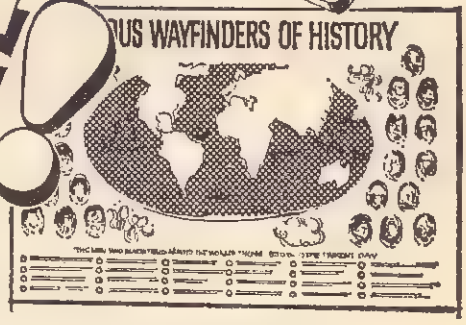
500 SUPER PRIZES OF AIRFIX CONSTRUCTION KITS OR ADVENTURE BOOKS

TO BE WON IN THIS EXCITING WAYFINDERS COMPETITION OPEN TO BOYS AND GIRLS

HERE'S WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

1. Read these 6 sentences relating to famous Wayfinders. In each one there is a word, figure or date missing. From your knowledge of History and Geography, complete the sentences. Then select from them the Wayfinder you consider to have made the greatest contribution to mankind's progress, and complete the seventh sentence stating why.
2. Fill in your name, address and age on the form, cut it out and send it with **the end panel of any Wayfinder shoe box** containing the size and style numbers to:– **Wayfinders Contest, 80 Cromer Street, London, W.C.1.**
3. Winners can **choose** their prizes from wonderful Airfix Kits of Captain Cook's Endeavour, the Concorde S.S.T., the Queen Elizabeth 2 or a set of 4 historic figures or one of Collins beautiful full colour 'Living World' books. There are 6 titles – Living World of Science, History, Nature, Achievement, Knowledge and Learning.

FREE!



to all boys and girls sending in a properly completed entry, is this full colour wall map "Great Wayfinders of History" Size 20" x 30" and ideal for framing, or for your wall, or for school use, it shows the routes used by 20 of the world's most famous Wayfinders. Enter this competition now and get yours ***free.***

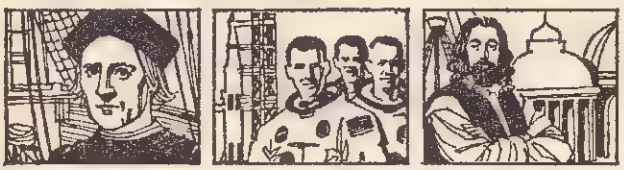
Further entry forms are available from Wayfinders, 151 Oxford St., London, W.1 on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.

ENTRY FORM ON OPPOSITE PAGE

BIG 'EAD
SORRY, MATE! I DON'T NEED ANOTHER PAINTER. FRED 'ERE CAN DO A WALL IN TEN MINUTES!
THAT'S NOTHING!
AIN'T IT? I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU DO IT!
AND SO YOU SHALL!
I'LL PAINT ALL FOUR WALLS IN FIVE MINUTES!
'AVE A CARE THERE, BIG 'EAD!
SLOP!
SLOSH
BOTHER— NO MORE PAINT!
IF I'D HAD MORE PAINT I COULD'VE FINISHED THE JOB!
AND SO COULD WE!
THAT WAS FOR THE INSIDE WALLS — NOT THE OUTSIDE, STUPID!
PLOCK!
PAS

ENTRY FORM

Vasco da Gama was the first man to reach.....by sea.
James Cook discovered the continent of Australia on his.....journey.
Ferdinand Magellan was the first European to sail the.....Ocean.



Christopher Columbus crossed the Atlantic in 1492 and made his first landfall in.....
The Apollo 8 team made.....circuits of the moon.
Marco Polo travelled across Asia to reach Peking for the first time in.....

Now, using your skill and judgement, select one of these six famous Wayfinders and complete the following sentence, in not more than 15 words.

I consider.....to be the greatest Wayfinder because.....

.....

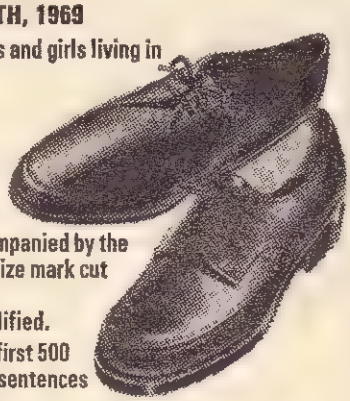
NAME..... ADDRESS.....

.....

..... AGE..... SHOE SIZE.....

COMPETITION RULES

COMPETITION CLOSES APRIL 30TH, 1969

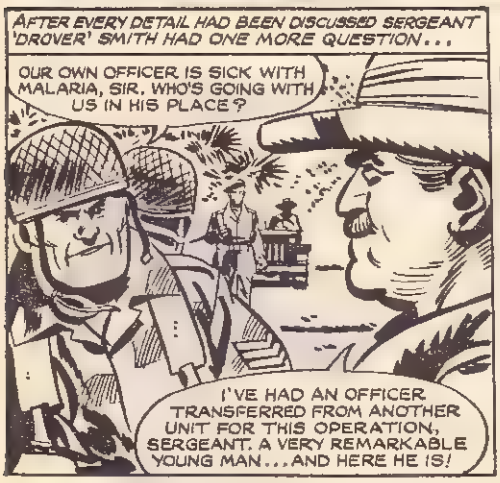


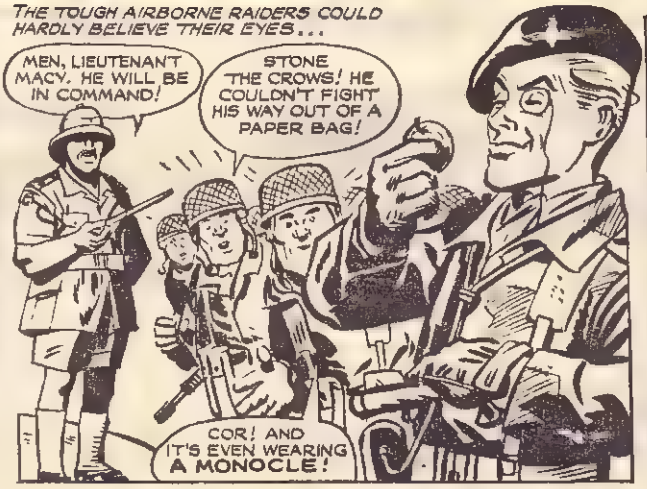
1. The Competition is open to all boys and girls living in the United Kingdom.
2. Children of the employees of the manufacturers of Wayfinders and of their Advertising Agents and of anyone directly involved in the competition are ineligible.
3. Each complete entry must be accompanied by the box end and panel containing the size mark cut from the end of a Wayfinders box. Entries without this will be disqualified.
4. The prizes will be awarded to the first 500 competitors who complete the six sentences correctly. In the event of a tie, the seventh sentence will be used to eliminate. No allowance will be made for age, no competitor may receive more than one prize.
5. The decision of the judges is final and legally binding. No correspondence will be entered into.
6. No responsibility can be accepted for entries delayed, damaged or lost in the post. Entries which are unreadable or are altered will be disqualified. All entries become the property of the manufacturer of Wayfinders and cannot be returned.
7. Every prize-winner will be notified by post. A complete list of winners will be obtainable from Wayfinders, 151 Oxford St., London, W.1 on receipt of S.A.E. after June 22nd, 1969.

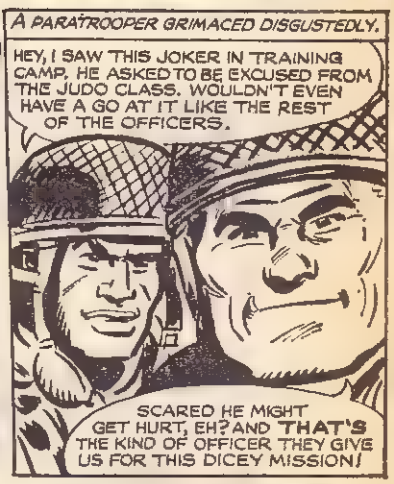
YOU'RE ON THE ROAD TO ADVENTURE WITH WAYFINDERS

SERGEANT ROCK - PARATROOPER!

HELLO, CHUMS! THIS IS SERGEANT ROCK WITH ANOTHER TALE OF THE FIGHTING PARATROOPERS IN ACTION. THIS WEEK'S STORY SHOWS HOW A BUNCH OF TOUGH AUSTRALIANS IN THE JUNGLE BATTLEGROUND OF NEW GUINEA LEARNED A USEFUL LESSON... NEVER JUDGE A MAN BY HIS APPEARANCE!
ON A JUNGLE AIRSTRIP, A BRIGADIER WAS BRIEFING A SMALL RAIDING FORCE OF BATTLE-HARDENED AUSTRALIAN PARATROOPS.
MEN, THE AIRCRAFT TAKING GENERAL HARDY TO BUNA HAS BEEN SHOT DOWN AND HE AND HIS PILOT ARE BEING HELD IN A JAP PRISON CAMP. YOUR JOB IS TO ATTACK THAT CAMP AND GET THEM OUT.
PARACHUTE
REGIMENT


AFTER EVERY DETAIL HAD BEEN DISCUSSED SERGEANT 'DROVER' SMITH HAD ONE MORE QUESTION...
OUR OWN OFFICER IS SICK WITH MALARIA, SIR. WHO'S GOING WITH US IN HIS PLACE?
I'VE HAD AN OFFICER TRANSFERRED FROM ANOTHER UNIT FOR THIS OPERATION, SERGEANT. A VERY REMARKABLE YOUNG MAN...AND HERE HE IS!


THE TOUGH AIRBORNE RAIDERS COULD HARDLY BELIEVE THEIR EYES...
MEN, LIEUTENANT MACY. HE WILL BE IN COMMAND!
STONE THE CROWS! HE COULDN'T FIGHT HIS WAY OUT OF A PAPER BAG!
COR! AND IT'S EVEN WEARING A MONOCLE!


A PARATROOPER GRIMACED DISGUSTEDLY.
HEY, I SAW THIS JOKER IN TRAINING CAMP. HE ASKED TO BE EXCUSED FROM THE JUDO CLASS. WOULDN'T EVEN HAVE A GO AT IT LIKE THE REST OF THE OFFICERS.
SCARED HE MIGHT GET HURT, EH? AND THAT'S THE KIND OF OFFICER THEY GIVE US FOR THIS DICEY MISSION!

AS THE DISMAYED PARATROOPERS FILED INTO THEIR DAKOTA TROOP CARRIER, SERGEANT SMITH CAME TO AN ANGRY DECISION...
YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE YOUR ORDERS FROM ME, THAT'S WHAT! THIS BABY-FACED DUDE MAY WEAR THE PIPS ON HIS SHOULDER BUT I'M GOING TO COMMAND THIS OUTFIT. GET IT?
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, SARGE? THAT PINT-SIZED DANDY IS NO FIGHTING MAN! HE'LL GET US ALL KILLED!

AN HOUR LATER, THE RAIDERS PARACHUTED FROM THE DAWN-LIGHTENED SKY. 'OPERATION RESCUE' WAS UNDER WAY...
EVERYTHING'S AGAINST US! FIRST WE ATTACK IN DAYLIGHT BEFORE THE JAPS GET THE CHANCE TO MOVE THE GENERAL TO ANOTHER CAMP. THEN THE BRIGADIER GIVES US A MONOCLED MIDGET FOR A COMMANDER.

SWIFTLY THEY MOVED TO WITHIN SIGHT OF THE JAP PRISON CAMP... THEN 'DROVER' SMITH GAVE A YELL...
JAPS! GET 'EM, BOYS!
NO! DON'T ATTACK THEM! STOP!
BUT THE DIGGERS HAD AGREED TO TAKE ORDERS ONLY FROM THEIR SERGEANT...
SORRY, SIR! CAN'T HEAR A WORD YOU'RE SAYING!
I TOLD YOU HE WASN'T A FIGHTING MAN!
BUT HALFWAY ACROSS THE OPEN GROUND THEY WERE MET BY A HAMMERING BURST FROM A CONCEALED JAP MACHINE-GUN...
HIT THE GROUND! FIND SOME COVER!
UNDER THAT LASHING HAIL OF LEAD, THE PARATROOPERS WERE PINNED DOWN...
OUT HERE IN THE OPEN WE'RE SITTING TARGETS FOR THAT NAMBU GUN, SARGE. THE JAPS WILL PICK US OFF LIKE FLIES!
I WAS A CHUMP TO BREAK COVER LIKE THAT.
SUDDENLY, MINGLING WITH THE DIN OF ENEMY GUNFIRE, CAME THE CHATTERING OF AN OWEN SUB-MACHINE-GUN...
IT'S MONOCLE MACY! HE'S MOVED UP AROUND THE BACK OF THE NIPS.
THE JAPS FIGURED THEY HAD US ALL PINNED DOWN OUT HERE! BUT THEY MISSED OLD MONOCLE MACY.
AGAIN THE DEADLY NAMBU GUN SHRILLED... BUT THIS TIME LIEUT. MACY WAS AT THE TRIGGER...
LOOK AT HIM! AND WE THOUGHT HE COULDN'T FIGHT!
COME ON, YOU JOKERS, NOW IT'S OUR TURN FOR SOME ACTION!
BUT BEHIND THE CAMP STOCKADE, A FRIGHTENED JAP COLONEL SCREAMED A DESPERATE ORDER...
OPEN FIRE! USE MORTAR BOMBS!
WITH THE STOCKADE STILL ONE HUNDRED YARDS AWAY, THE FIRST MORTAR BOMB BURST SHATTERINGLY...
SPREAD OUT AND TAKE COVER!
YOU HEARD THE LIEUTENANT! GRAB SOME COVER!
AGAIN AND AGAIN THE EARTH HEAVED UNDER THE MORTAR BARRAGE...
THERE'S MORE JAPS HERE THAN EXPECTED, SERGEANT. IF WE RUSH THAT STOCKADE THERE WON'T BE ENOUGH OF US LEFT TO FOLLOW THROUGH THE ATTACK!
UNLESS I CAN GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO KNOCK OUT THAT MORTAR WITH A GRENADE!
IF I DON'T TRY IT, THAT LITTLE SCRAPPER WILL! AND HE'S DONE HIS SHARE OF TROUBLE-SHOOTING!
NO, SERGEANT! YOU CAN'T DO IT THAT WAY!
BUT AS HE NEARED THE STOCKADE...
AAAGH!
'DROVER' SMITH'S HELMET HAD DEFLECTED THE JAP BULLET...BUT DEATH WAS ONLY INCHES AWAY FROM THE DAZED SERGEANT!
PARATROOPER, YOU DIE!
CONTINUED OVERLEAF-

A SPLIT-SECOND LATER, A SMALL BUT STEELY HAND HAD FLUNG THE JAP HEADLONG...

I DIDN'T DARE SHOOT AT THEM, SERGEANT...FOR FEAR I'D HIT YOU AS WELL.

BEHIND YOU, SIR!

THEN CAME THE SMARTEST BIT OF IN-FIGHTING SERGEANT SMITH HAD EVER SEEN...

GET BEHIND THAT TREE, SERGEANT. THOSE JAPS IN THE STOCKADE ARE GOING TO HIT AT US WITH EVERYTHING THEY'VE GOT AFTER THIS!

AS THE TWO MEN REACHED THE SHELTER OF THE TREE ANOTHER MORTAR BOMB BURST...

TOLD YOU SO, SERGEANT. THE JAPS FIGURE WE'RE TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME AFTER ME, MONOCLE... ER, I MEAN LIEUTENANT. NOW WE'RE **BOTH** CUT OFF FROM THE OTHERS!

DROVER SMITH NOTICED SOMETHING DIFFERENT ABOUT THE LITTLE OFFICER...

SIR, YOUR MONOCLE! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO IT?

I MADE USE OF IT ON THE RUN OUT HERE. IF MY IDEA WORKS, SERGEANT, YOU'LL SEE!

MACY'S MONOCLE LAY WHERE HE HAD THROWN IT—ON A TINDER-DRY GRASS ROOF WHERE ITS MAGNIFYING PROPERTIES CONCENTRATED THE SCORCHING RAYS OF THE SUN, AND SOON...

FEAR AND EXCITEMENT HAD SPOILED THE ACCURACY OF THE JAP MORTAR CREW...BUT BEFORE THEY COULD CORRECT THEIR AIM...

LOOK! THE ROOF IS ON FIRE!

THE FLAMES ARE SPREADING! RUN!...RUN!

THEN A THUNDEROUS EXPLOSION SPLINTERED THE JAP STOCKADE...

HERE'S OUR CHANCE TO ATTACK!

IT LOOKS LIKE THEIR AMMO HAS BLOWN UP! THE FIRE MUST HAVE TOUCHED IT OFF!

THE FIGHTING PARATROOPERS MADE SHORT WORK OF THE REMAINING JAPS...

THERE THEY ARE, SERGEANT!

THE RESCUED GENERAL GRINNED BROADLY WHEN HE SAW WHO COMMANDED THE RAIDER FORCE...

LIEUTENANT MACY! TRUST **YOU** TO BE MIXED UP IN A SCRAP LIKE THIS! BY THE WAY, WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THAT MONOCLE OF YOURS?

!...ER HAD ANOTHER USE FOR IT, SIR. AND BEFORE WE MARCH OUT, I'D LIKE TO TRY TO GET IT BACK!

THEN SERGEANT 'DROVER' SMITH LEARNED SOMETHING MORE ABOUT THE PINT-SIZED PARATROOPER...

WHAT A SOLDIER, SERGEANT! JUDO EXPERT, BOXING CHAMPION, FINEST SHOT IN THE ARMY, AND JUST ABOUT THE BRAVEST, SCRAPPIEST MAN I'VE EVER HAD IN MY COMMAND! HE'S EARNED ABOUT EVERY MEDAL IN THE BOOK, TOO!

...AND HADN'T THE NERVE TO ADMIT THE TRUTH!

AND THAT MONOCLE! YOU KNOW, OF COURSE, HE ONLY WEARS IT BECAUSE HIS SIGHT IS WEAK IN ONE EYE. THAT FIGHTING BANTAM WOULD WEAR ANYTHING TO STAY IN THE PARATROOPS. BUT HE DOESN'T FOOL US, DOES HE?

N..NO, SIR! DIDN'T FOOL ME FOR A MINUTE!

AFTER THAT, 'DROVER' SMITH AND HIS PARATROOPERS WERE PROUD AND HAPPY TO BE COMMANDED BY MONOCLE MACY! AND NEVER AGAIN DID THEY JUDGE A MAN BY HIS LOOKS ALONE. SEE YOU NEXT WEEK, PALS!

KING OF THE RING

ON A SCORCHING NIGHT IN SPAIN, GLOBE-TROTTING MATMAN **KEN KING** WAITED FOR THE START OF WHAT WAS TO BE ONE OF THE STRANGEST BOUTS OF HIS CAREER...

AND THE *BROKEST* KING THERE EVER WAS! I CAN'T EVEN AFFORD TO BUY MYSELF A *CARDBOARD* CROWN!

SENORS! I PRESENT... FROM ENGLAND... *THE KING OF THE RING!*

LOS

WITH HIM, AS ALWAYS, WAS HIS MANAGER PAL, *BLARNEY STONE*...

PURELY A TEMPORARY SETBACK, KID. WITH A *GENIUS* LIKE *ME* BEHIND YOU, YOU'LL FINISH UP RICH AS A *REAL KING!*

GENIUS, HUH? I HAVEN'T EVEN *SEEN* THIS BIRD I'M SUPPOSED TO FIGHT TONIGHT! *THE WILD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS!* WHAT KIND OF A WRESTLER IS *THAT?*

AT THAT MOMENT...

LOOK... I MEET THIS PROMOTER WHO SAYS: "GET *YOUR* BOY TO MEET *MY BOY* HERE IN SAN SABASTO, AND WE SPLIT THE GATE MONEY FIFTY--FIFTY!" *AND HERE HE COMES NOW!*

ROARS OF EAGER DELIGHT... AND FURY... SHOOK THE SPANISH WRESTLING HALL!

THIS GUY IS A REAL PREHISTORIC TYPE WHO'S MANAGED TO LEARN SOME WRESTLING HOLDS! DON'T WORRY, KID... *SKILL* WILL ALWAYS BEAT *BRUTE STRENGTH!*

CROSS YOUR FINGERS WHEN YOU SAY THAT!

OLE! CARAMBA! WHAT A FIGHT THIS WILL BE!

GGRRRAAAA!

RIGHT! STAND BACK.. *AND LET 'IM GO!*

DON'T LET HIM SCARE YOU, KID! KEEP REMEMBERING... WE GET *HALF THE GATE MONEY!* AND THE HALL'S *PACKED OUT!*

AS KING GRABBED A HAIRY ARM...

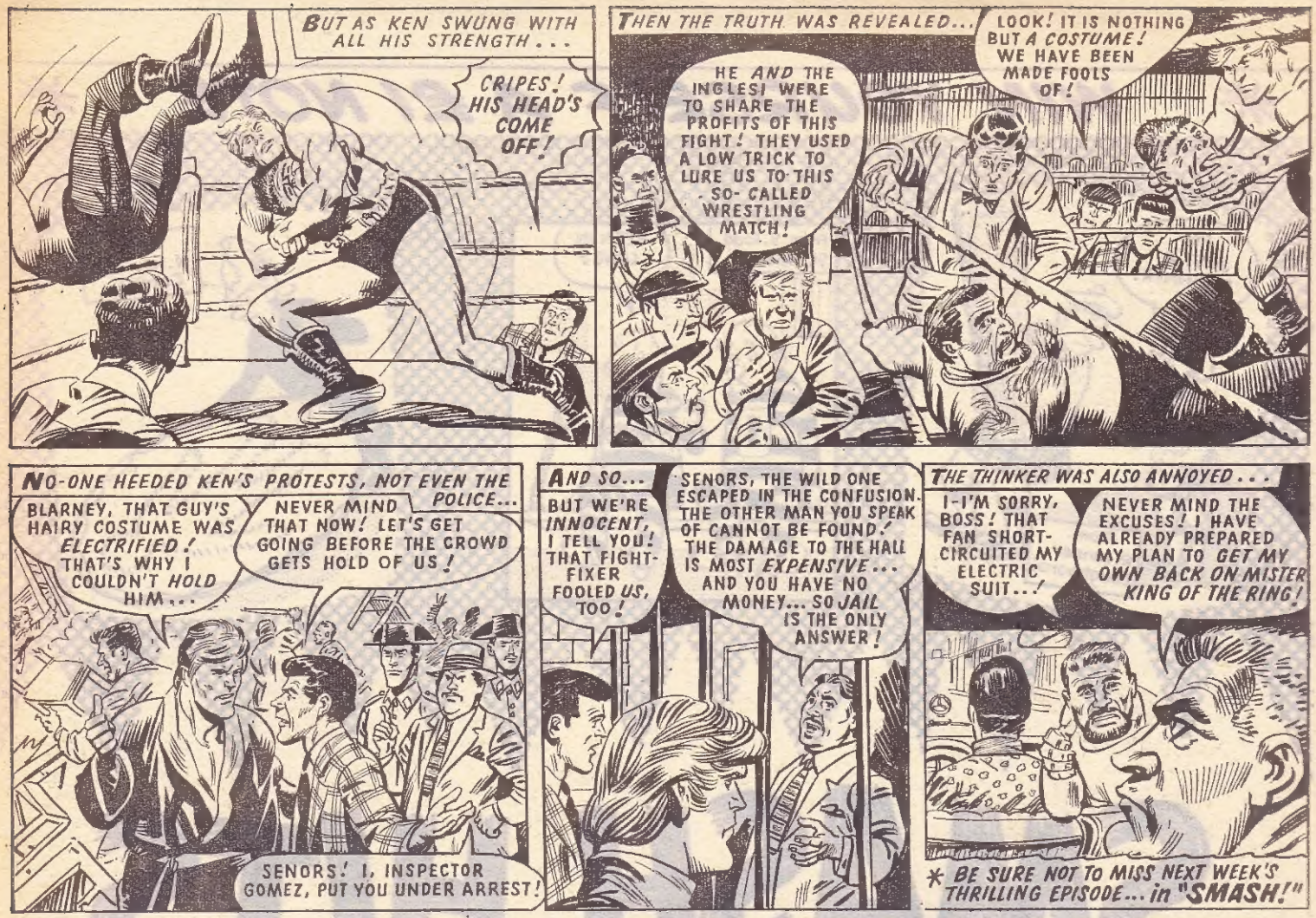
THWAAAAA!

GGGRRRR!

CRIPES! HE'S GOT THE KID IN A *NERVE HOLD!*

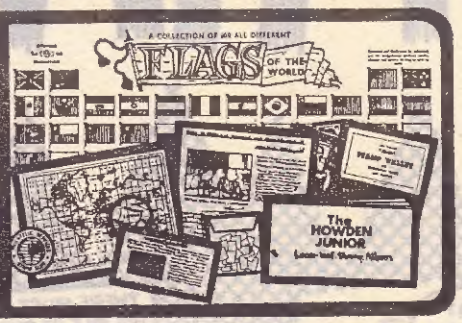
CONTINUED OVERLEAF —

A FLAILING PAW CANNONED KEN OFF THE ROPES...
EEEEEEEE-AAAAAAA!
KID, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? USE SOME SCIENCE ON 'IM!
GUUUUUMPF!
..THREE-AH... FOUR-AH... FIVE-AH...!
I DON'T GET IT! THAT PROMOTER BLOKE TOLD ME THE WILD MAN'S GROWL WAS WORSE THAN HIS BITE!
AND IN A NEARBY HOTEL ROOM...
THE INGLESI IS ON HIS FEET... JUST...!
HEAR THAT, BOSS? KING'S GETTING CLOBBERED, JUST AS WE KNEW HE WOULD! AND WE'RE ABOUT TO RAKE IN A THOUSAND QUID OR MORE! NO WONDER THEY CALL YOU THE THINKER!
THAT MANAGER OF HIS THINKS THEY'RE GOING TO SHARE THE GATE! HE SHOULD HAVE READ THE SMALL PRINT ON THE BACK OF THE CONTRACT!
THEY'RE ALL STUPID IN THE WRESTLING BUSINESS, MY FAWNING FRIEND! THAT IS WHY I CHOSE THIS FIELD IN WHICH TO LAUNCH MY PLAN OF CRIME AND CORRUPTION!
MEANWHILE, A DAZED AND SHAKEN KEN KING WAS ONCE AGAIN AIRBORNE...
AAAAHH!
CARAMBA, BUT IT IS HOT TONIGHT...!
SI, BUT IT IS HOTTER FOR THE INGLESI! LOOK, THE WILD ONE HAS GIVEN HIM THE MONKEY CLIMB!
ONE OF KEN'S HANDS CAUGHT AN OLD ELECTRIC FAN...
YEEEE-OOWW!
OH, MY GOSH! THE KID'S GOT HIMSELF AN ELECTRIC SHOCK!
BUT THE WILD MAN GOT AN EVEN WORSE SHOCK!
OOOO! YYYAAAAARR!
THE WILD ONE IS BEGINNING TO SMOKE! HE HAS THE ELECTRIC SHOCK ALSO! I MUST UNPLUG...!
YOOWWWWW!
NOW'S YOUR CHANCE, KID! GET HIM!
THE YOUNG MATMAN POUNCED...
THE INGLESI HAS HIM IN A HEAD-HOLD!
THIS BIRD'S BURNING UP! IT HURTS TO EVEN HOLD HIM!
THROW HIM, KID! TRY FOR A K.O.!


BUT AS KEN SWUNG WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH...
CRIPES! HIS HEAD'S COME OFF!
THEN THE TRUTH WAS REVEALED...
HE AND THE INGLESI WERE TO SHARE THE PROFITS OF THIS FIGHT! THEY USED A LOW TRICK TO LURE US TO THIS SO-CALLED WRESTLING MATCH!
LOOK! IT IS NOTHING BUT A COSTUME! WE HAVE BEEN MADE FOOLS OF!
NO-ONE HEEDED KEN'S PROTESTS, NOT EVEN THE POLICE...
BLARNEY, THAT GUY'S HAIRY COSTUME WAS ELECTRIFIED! THAT'S WHY I COULDN'T HOLD HIM...
NEVER MIND THAT NOW! LET'S GET GOING BEFORE THE CROWD GETS HOLD OF US!
SENORS! I, INSPECTOR GOMEZ, PUT YOU UNDER ARREST!
AND SO...
BUT WE'RE INNOCENT, I TELL YOU! THAT FIGHT-FIXER FOOLED US, TOO!
SENORS, THE WILD ONE ESCAPED IN THE CONFUSION. THE OTHER MAN YOU SPEAK OF CANNOT BE FOUND! THE DAMAGE TO THE HALL IS MOST EXPENSIVE... AND YOU HAVE NO MONEY... SO JAIL IS THE ONLY ANSWER!
THE THINKER WAS ALSO ANNOYED...
I-I'M SORRY, BOSS! THAT FAN SHORT-CIRCUITED MY ELECTRIC SUIT...!
NEVER MIND THE EXCUSES! I HAVE ALREADY PREPARED MY PLAN TO GET MY OWN BACK ON MISTER KING OF THE RING!
* BE SURE NOT TO MISS NEXT WEEK'S THRILLING EPISODE... in "SMASH!"

Special 1969 Offer

COMPLETE STAMP COLLECTORS OUTFIT FREE!



Here's your chance to get a Beginner's Stamp-Collector's Outfit absolutely FREE. This outfit, worth at least 5/-, contains everything to start you off on the World's Finest Hobby! This is what it includes:—

1—The Howden Junior Stamp Album, extra leaves can be inserted and a luxury binder obtained if required.
2—Magnifier to check stamp for flaws, etc.
3—Stamp Wallet for "swaps," etc.
4—Perforation Gauge to measure perforation.
5—Black Watermark Detector plus full instructions on how to use Items 4 and 5.
6—Metal Tweezers for handling stamps properly.
7—Stamp Identifier tables to enable you to find the countries of origin of all stamps.
8—Land Finder World Map.
9—Packet of Stamp Hinges.
10—Colour facsimile of World's Rarest Stamp. (Original worth over £35,000!)
11—"How to Organise a Stamp Club" leaflet.
12—Super Stamp Club Badge in red, white and blue to wear on your lapel.
13—Price List of Albums, packets of Stamps, Accessories, etc.
14—A sheet of 100 Flag Stamps (gummed and perforated just like stamps) all in correct colours to dress up your album pages.
15—A special packet of 10 different stamps from 10 different countries to start you off on this grand hobby.

The above 15 items will be sent to you ABSOLUTELY FREE if you fill in the coupon below and post it to us with 6d. in stamps for postage and packing. We will also send you a selection of our famous SPECIAL APPROVALS—a booklet of priced stamps. You can buy any you wish or return if you don't wish to buy them. You are under no obligation to buy anything. All our stamps are catalogued by Gibbons and are guaranteed genuine. We will also send you a free VOUCHER-CHEQUE value 12/6. This enables you to buy a complete 25/- approval book at half price. If you wish. Please tell your parents you are sending for this FREE OUTFIT and Approvals.

To PHILATELIC SERVICES (Dept. S.H.1), Eastrington, Goole, Yorkshire.
Please send me the Free Stamp Collector's Outfit described above and your Special Approvals for inspection. I enclose 6d. in stamps for postage and packing.
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....

How about your friends? Owing to the value of this Offer, it is limited to one Outfit per applicant. But many of your friends will want to send for this Offer, so write their names and addresses on a piece of paper, enclose 6d. for each, and we will gladly send the Outfit and Approvals to them. No need for them to use the Coupon.

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★ SURPRISE PACKET OF FOREIGN STAMPS
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★ PRIZE SET OF 9 HUNGARIAN STAMPS
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Just send us your name and address and enclose 4d. for postage. Our famous discount pictorial approvals will accompany each free outfit.
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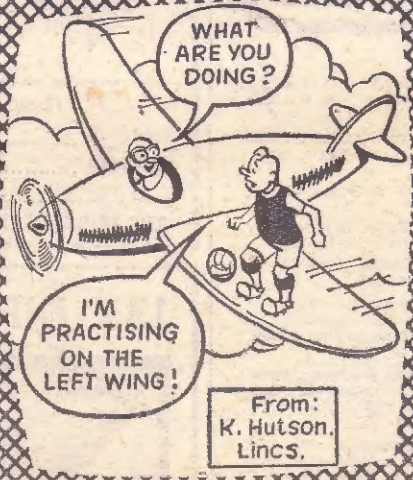

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